The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV MAY, 1937 No. 5

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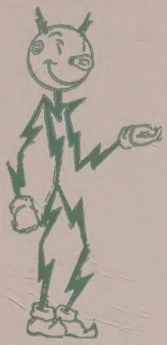

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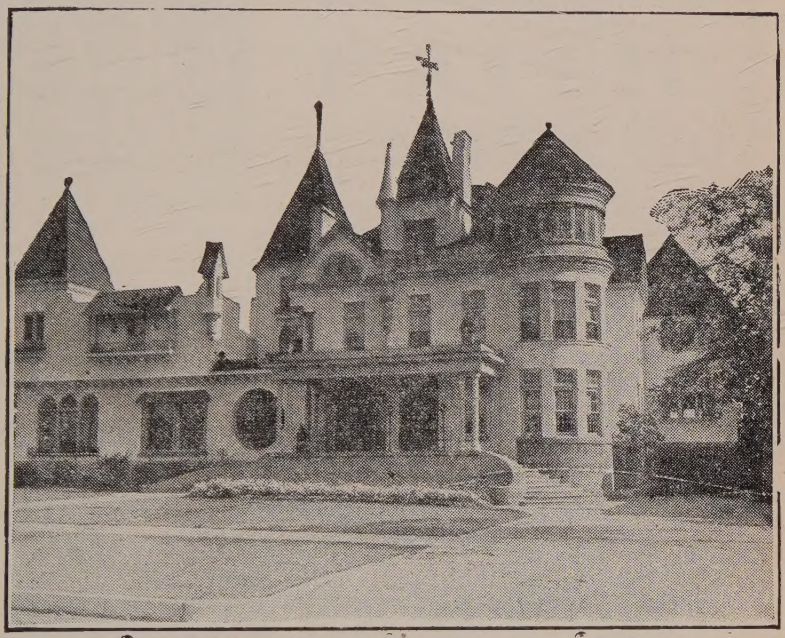

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV MAY, 1937 No. 5

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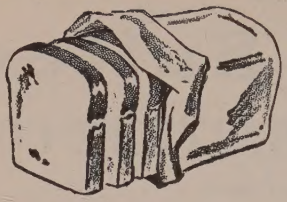

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MY MOTHER

By Alice R. Rich

My mother had no time or strength to spare
For other than the duties of the day,
But after hours she sowed petunia seeds
To give us sweet perfume and blossoms gay.

Though evening duties call for all her time
We claimed her for the story we liked best,
She came and told again the fairy tales,
That sent us to sweet dreams and peaceful rest.

A quiet hour I'm sure she often craved
Yet all our friends were welcome in her home;
Her heart reached out and every mother's child
Who knew her, shared that love, not just her own.

The world would never call my mother great
She wrote no verse, she sketched no pictures rare,
But everyone who knew her called her friend,
And memories of her linger everywhere.

Her gentle ways, her kindly helpful hand,
Marked carefully the path she'd have us go.
And on and on her love calls through the years
Like strains of sacred music soft and low.

RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS IN SALT LAKE TABERNACLE

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV MAY, 1937 No. 5

The British Coronation

By Amy Brown Lyman

FROM the earliest time kings and queens have worn crowns as a sign and symbol of their authority. In some countries, particularly England, the crowning of the king has been regarded as a natural and necessary ceremony to be performed for each new sovereign.

The English regalia and crown jewels today include a number of very interesting crowns, both old and new. The most important of these is St. Edward's crown, the one with which the king is actually crowned and which is used on no other occasion. It is known as the Crown of the Realm—the Crown of England. It was made in 1662 at the time of the Restoration and is the successor to and replica of the ancient crown of England which with the other regalia was destroyed by the commonwealth government. After the Coronation ceremony is over this crown which is very heavy, weighing nearly seven pounds, is replaced by the light but more magnificent Imperial State Crown which is worn by the king on the return procession and at the opening of Parliament.

The crowning of the English king, or the Coronation, follows the accession to the throne which has previously been officially proclaimed and which is in itself already of binding force. It is the formal public recognition and ratification of the accession, and has become a ceremonial token of wider significance. Immediately upon the death of an English monarch his heir becomes his already constituted successor. For the crowning ceremony however, there is no fixed time nor date. It usually occurs after the period of mourning is over.

The Coronation of King George V took place thirteen months after his accession to the throne. The date for the present Coronation was set for sixteen months after the accession of Edward VIII, and it was not changed after the Abdication of the latter and the accession of King George VI.

Six months after the accession of Edward VIII the date of May 12, 1937, was announced for the Coronation and preliminary plans began to take form at once in court and government circles, and in business and social realms. These plans were interrupted at the time of Edward VIII's Abdication on December 11th, but were resumed at once after George VI's accession on December 12th.

WHILE the British Coronation is a magnificent, brilliant and elaborate ceremony, it is also a sacred religious ceremony. It is a solemn and aweful compact between an individual and a people, the individual promising to discharge his function worthily and faithfully, and the people on their side, pledging their allegiance to him in the accomplishment of their joint work.

The famous Abbey of Westminster which was founded by Edward the Confessor (1042-1066) is the setting for this great and important event. William the Conqueror was the first king to be crowned in the Abbey and since his time all coronations have taken place within its time hallowed walls.

The complete coronation includes the procession to and from the Abbey and the ceremony within the Abbey. Briefly the coronation ceremony proper consists of the Recognition, or presentation of the king; the taking of the oath; the anointing of the king on the palms of the hands, the breast and the head, with hallowed oil; the investure of the Royal Robe with the orb, sceptre and ring (the wedding ring of England); and the placing of the Crown upon his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the people shout "GOD SAVE THE KING". The peers then put on their coronets and the bishops their caps, the trumpets sound and by a signal given the great guns of the Tower commence to fire. Then, enthroned in the ancient coronation chair, the king receives the homage of leading representatives of the various ranks, in succession.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST. MARGARET'S AND BIG BEN

The crowning of the Queen next takes place. She proceeds to the altar attended by her train bearers. She is anointed on the head, receives the consort's ring and the crown is placed upon her head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. As her crown is placed the princesses and peeresses put on their coronets and there is a glittering of jewels such as one never sees in any other ceremony. The Queen is now invested with her robes and regalia, and when their Majesties have partaken of the sacrament the ceremony is over. The King then exchanges the Crown of St. Edward for the Imperial Crown, and the Royal Robe of State for his robe of purple velvet. There then remains the great procession from the Abbey to the Palace.

Included in the ceremony are anthems, prayers, scripture reading and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is a tense moment when the king takes the oath. Kneeling be-

fore the altar he swears to maintain the statutes, laws and customs of the realm, to use justice and mercy in all his judgments, and to maintain the laws of God and the Protestant religion.

In olden times the Coronation service lasted three days and nights but in the last two or three centuries it has been greatly shortened and revised, although no fundamental change has been made for eleven centuries. For the present Coronation the Archbishop of Canterbury has fixed the actual service to cover only two and one-fourth hours. The people will start arriving at 6 a.m. and are expected to be in their seats by 9 a.m. A luncheon will be supplied in the Abbey.

WHAT a splendid spectacle a Coronation is! The rich old Abbey is thronged with peers and peeresses in their robes of state, and with royal and other guests; and "all down the immense vista of arches there is one blaze of scarlet and gold."

In addition to the dignity, grandeur and solemnity of the occasion there is also a joyous aspect in which the populace may join. The streets are profusely decorated, bells peal, cannons boom, banners wave and crowds in gay colors throng the streets and with joy and excitement shout, *God Save the King.*

Miles of Coronation seats which line the route of the procession are filled with people who sit for hours to witness the great pageant, good naturedly eating their meals which are included in the price of the seats.

For the ceremony on May 12th Westminster Abbey has been thoroughly renovated, newly furnished, seated and carpeted, richly and gorgeously decorated in crimson, gold and blue colors. It will no doubt be thronged with the most representative gathering of national life that it is possible to imagine: Royalty; church and state; lords and commons, the judiciary; army and navy; foreign representatives and other special guests. There will be people from every part of the British Dominions beyond the seas; from the frozen waters of the St. Lawrence, the Rocky Mountains, the Indian jungles and the islands of the sea—all desirous of showing their loyalty and devotion to Empire and Crown, and to the King himself.

The Queen mother has announced her intention of witnessing the crowning of her son, which is a departure from the precedent set by Queen Alexandria. A specially decorated box in blue and gold will be provided for her and her personal attendants.

The two little daughters of the King will also attend the ceremony—Princess Elizabeth, the eleven-year-old heir apparent, and Margaret Rose.

The procession from the Abbey to the Palace will, it is expected, be a most gorgeous and magnificent pageant, surpassing all previous ones. It will be two miles long and will cover six miles en route. It will include the King and Queen; Queen Mary; the royal family (the princes and princesses of royal blood); visiting royalty, including the picturesque Indian princes in their colorful robes and glittering jewels; ecclesiastical dignitaries, governmental representatives; officers of state, foreign representatives and their attendants; special guests; military escorts, overseas troups, etc. There will be included representatives of every race.

THE King and Queen will ride in the Royal glass coach of state which will be placed near the end

KING GEORGE VI, QUEEN ELIZABETH, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE

of the procession. It was built in the year 1762, but has been entirely regilded and redecorated. It will be drawn by eight bay horses with crimson harness decorated with crimson ribbon and gilt coats of arms. These horses were selected on the basis of appearance, health, good behavior in crowds, and indifference to noises. For months they have been drawing vans and equipages through the streets of London in preparation for their part in the great procession.

More than fifty miles of London streets will be decorated; the decorations to exceed in extent and magnificence anything ever before attempted. The main colors are to be red, white and blue with numerous new shades and tints.

London is preparing for thousands of visitors. Arrangements have been made to seat 7,700 in the Abbey and 85,000 in reserved seats along the route of the procession, with reserved standing places for 30,000 more. The seats have all been thoroughly tested for strength.

The Queen's Coronation gown will be white or ivory satin heavily embroidered in gold, and her robe and train will be purple velvet embroidered in gold and trimmed with ermine. A new crown has been made especially for her. The jewels which consist of diamonds only, will be set in platinum.

The King's Imperial Crown is a blaze of jewels containing 2,783 diamonds, 227 pearls, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds and 5 rubies.

Golden lame has been chosen by Queen Mary for her gown. It will be elaborately decorated with lovely embroidery. The Princesses Elizabeth, and Margaret Rose will be dressed in white and wear purple robes.

The Earl Marshall has decreed that only white and cream dresses may be worn by the ladies aside from the gold and silver for peeresses' robes. The Coronation court gowns will be fashioned after the formal evening dress with the addition of a train.

For months women in court and official circles have been preparing their elaborate wardrobes for the great events. Old jewels have been reset and new ones purchased. Dress makers, milliners and jewelers have surely profited by their expenditures.

Nor is the finery confined to women. Men, including royalty, nobility, ecclesiastics, government officials, army and navy officers, etc., will indeed compete with the opposite sex in the color brilliancy and gorgeousness of their dress and adornment. An outstanding exception will be

the American Ambassador, who will wear plain evening clothes, and who will probably be the only one thus attired.

MANY social functions will follow the Coronation and extend over the whole summer. The festivities will begin May 5 and continue until July 22. They will include banquets, garden parties, military and air force revues, receptions, concerts, balls, theaters and grand opera.

The official program includes court presentations, state banquets, palace garden parties and two court balls at Buckingham Palace on May 14 and 26, with 1,500 guests at each, making a total of 3,000 guests who will attend the two events. At the first there will be a great gathering of princes and princesses, politicians of almost every nation with their wives, the diplomatic corps and other specially invited guests. Each ball will last two and one-half hours—from 10 to 12:30. On each occasion the King will start the dance with a lady guest, the Queen will come next with her partner.

King George is the youngest British monarch to ascend the throne since the time of Queen Victoria. Among his attendants and associates and those of the Queen will be found a large number of young men and women and debutants. The Queen has chosen as her four canopy holders and her six train bearers young peeresses ranging in age from 17 to 22 years. Both the King and Queen are fond of dancing, a fact that will make their parties, balls, and other social functions the gayest of the century.

In honor of the Coronation many gracious offerings and courtesies are being extended. As a good will gesture the Government is allowing a Coronation grant to the unemployed —an extra payment of half crown and a shilling for each child. To show his interest in the industrial areas King George has sent personal invitations to four working people—two men and two women—to attend the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey.

One of the men is a tin plate polisher and the other a coal miner. One woman is an employee of the General Electric Co., and the other a carpet weaver. The latter in expressing her joy said, "Little did I think when I was weaving the gold carpet for the Coronation that I would be present for the historic event, and see it in the Abbey."

NOW AND THEN

By May H. Marsh

Brave little mother with three little boys,
One right after the other,
Grant and Billy are mere babies yet,
And now, a new little brother.

But after their baby years have all passed,
And one right after the other,
They grow into handsome and manly men,
Oh! What a proud little mother!

Nellie O. Parker

By Evelyn N. Wood

NELLIE O. PARKER

SISTER NELLIE O. PARKER comes to the General Board with the best wishes and love of all who know her. When such women are called to this high office, it is not hard to see the workings of the Spirit of Inspiration in the selection of our leaders. She comes well prepared; schooled in spirit and mind, even as a rose full blown in a shady glen gives willingly of its perfume and beauty, gathered from a life time of purposeful living.

But even as with the rose, there has been a time of preparation, a gathering of the opportunities around, to mellow her judgment and soften her heart. Born into a home where individual effort counted much, she was early taught the values of life by a frugal mother. Two quotations remained in her memory from early childhood: "Remember, life is just about what you make it," and "Where there is a will, there is a way." These stood out as beacons, lighting each avenue whereon she must travel. But this was only part of her training.

Her father was an exact complement to her mother and of a highly spiritual nature. Nellie, as a composite picture of both of them was able to put order in her days, sweep out the clutter, and keep her mind and body strong and clean in order to reach her goal. They gave her a passion for accuracy, but not at the expense of beauty. She possesses a sensitive awareness of the motives and feelings of people, so that with the least effort, she is able to get the best from her associates.

SHE had been taught that the purpose of every Latter-day Saint life is to give willingly of her time and talents to the Church. With a conviction that the Spirit of the Lord can make even the ordinary man, extraordinary, she resolved to take advantage of this leadership training. At the age of thirteen she was called to be secretary of the Primary, and later a teacher. Then the Gleaner class was a real thrill to her, and later as President of the Mutual, she received a fine training in the viewpoint of young people.

SISTER PARKER was graduated from the Brigham Young University, and taught in the Provo schools for four years before she

joined Brother Parker, then a struggling young man with an ambition for law. During their stay at the University of Michigan, she was able to further satisfy her hunger for knowledge, by taking courses along with her husband.

HER first introduction to Relief Society Board work came when she was asked to be assistant secretary on Sister Keeler's board of Utah Stake. She had previously taught the Literary lessons in the ward in those intervals between five babies. When her husband was appointed Attorney General for the State of Utah, they left Provo to make their home in Salt Lake City.

BESIDES her work in the Church, Sister Parker has been very active in social organizations. A natural-born executive, she has been president of the Nelke Reading Club, Sorossus, Delphian, and president of the Uintah Parent Teacher's Association. Under her leadership the first Summer School in the Uintah School District was organized.

IN THE spring of 1929, just a few months after she had come to Salt Lake, Sister Emmeretta Brown called Sister Parker to the Granite Stake Board as the Literary teacher. Then when Sister Latimer was taken as the counselor, Nellie was asked to take her place as the Social Service Leader, and when Sister Latimer was made the new president, she asked Sister Parker to be her counselor. But events were happening fast; a new Stake, Highland Stake, was to be created, and she was to become its first Stake President. Under this new position she grew and developed easily and graciously. Her Board was efficient, each one doing her best, not because she was driven, but when in her presence it was just naturally expected that each give her all; she was the sort of person to whom one willingly gave allegiance.

She believed that while Relief Society must take care of the physical needs of the people in the Church, that it must also offer cultural training for women. She therefore sought to encourage every advantage for the educational guidance of mothers. In accordance with this spirit, Ward libraries were encouraged. Each woman was urged to contribute a good book. The Stake also collected a library, which was at the disposal of any Ward at its request. Some of the Wards were able to collect as many as 150 books in one year.

BUT the practical side of her must also have its turn, and she conducted a demonstration of the uses of made-over clothing. All the women were encouraged to make something useful and good looking, from something used, and all of these were placed on display at the Stake House.

Those who love her have memories that stand out on the horizon of her leadership, memories of situations that could have caused feelings and friction. Odd little occasions that no one could have anticipated were thrust upon her. There would be a tense moment, as all waited, with faces turned toward her. Then somehow her arms would go around two people, a nice comment would be made about the integrity of both. All was running smoothly again, before many knew that a crisis had been passed. Her oil of human kindness and understanding soothed many troubled waters before even those waters knew that a storm had been nigh.

IN the Spring and Summer, troubles began to arise at home. Her husband needed more of her

time. For just a moment she was confused. Then with that clear vision that she possessed, her mind was made up. There must be no room for regrets. The promise that she had made to herself on her wedding day, that nothing should ever come before home and family stood out in her mind. She was constant in her devotion and so courageous throughout his long sickness. No sacrifice was too great if it was for her home or her family. She was just beginning. There were so many wonderful things that she could see to be done. She had been given only one year to accomplish all that her heart told her she could do. But it was not hard for Sister Parker to give it up, and never would she consider it a sacrifice. Hers was the happy faculty of being able to adjust to any condition and finding a way to be happy in it. Her resignation was sent in to President Ashton and accepted. That one never loses out by doing the thing that is right, has always been one of her firm convictions.

WHETHER she was conducting the affairs of her home, presiding at a Board Meeting, or standing by the side of her husband, she was master of the situation, doing the task ahead with a sweet dignity and poise that was remarkable. Quiet, unassuming and rather shy she has never pushed herself forward, but has been called to many responsible positions. She has never sought greatness, but greatness has come to her. As she has served, each one of her experiences had enriched her background and understanding. She comes to the General Board well seasoned in wisdom and vision, and with a humility that reassures her heart that the Lord never asks us to do anything, but what He spreads a mantle of inspiration around us, that we may be able to accomplish the task He requires of us.

MRS. SARAH ALLRED AND HER SEVEN LIVING DAUGHTERS

Lace Stockings

By Mary Ek Knowles

ELLEN was rinsing the last of the week's wash when the phone rang. She turned off the washer, wiped her wet hands on a hand towel, stepped with amazing skill over blocks, toys, and a rag dog with one eye, and cautioned Denny to "be quiet while Mummy answers the phone."

"Hello." It was Paul. Her heart skipped a beat, her dark eyes softened. Nice to feel that way about your husband after eleven years of married life.

"Mrs. Dale," Paul's voice informed her with studied seriousness, "we're going out to a dinner at the Plaza Hotel."

"A dinner dance, Paul? When?"

"Tonight."

"Tonight! But Paul—" If that wasn't just like a man. "I haven't—"

"Don't tell me you haven't anything to wear. Go to town. Buy something. It's going to be a big affair. See you tonight, sweetheart."

ELLEN hung up the receiver with a steady hand. Must get a wave. Hire Nora Daniels to tend Denny. She frowned at her reddened hands. Wouldn't have washed if she had known. If only there were more time. * * * Then excitement possessed her. She swooped up golden-haired Denny, hugged him tightly, sang, "Mummy's going out tonight * * * going to a dinner dance * * *" stirred the soup—the three older children would soon be home for lunch—put Denny down, and took the budget book from the cupboard.

She would have to buy a dress. No hope of renovating the thrice-altered blue crepe. And shoes. And by all means, stockings. Her one and only good pair had a darn in the heel.

For fifteen minutes while the little Dutch clock ticked on the wall and Denny built a leaning tower of blocks, she juggled figures on a piece of white paper, her forehead wrinkled, her dark head bent. "Fourteen dollars and sixty-five cents—no—say fifteen dollars,"—she finally announced aloud." That meant, of course, letting the doctor bill and the payment on the piano go until the first, but—Oh, if only she could buy a dress like Aunt Jasmine had worn to the Andrews last week. Couldn't pay as much, of course. Aunt Jasmine had a good paying position, alimony from her divorce, an apartment with maid service and—no children.

It was with a feeling of high adventure and reckless, luxurious extravagance that Ellen began the afternoon that clear April day. It is rare indeed for the mother of four growing children to have $15.00 to spend on herself. Not that it would always be that way. Things were a little close now with Paul just starting in business for himself, but some day—well—some men had the ability to get ahead. Paul was one of them.

She entered the first shop and told the stout, beaming saleswoman her need.

"Dinner dress?" She piloted Ellen over deep-piled rugs to the realm of glass cases, soft lights, and long mirrors. She brought out a peach-colored taffeta dress, long and full,

with a short, demure jacket." Exquisite, isn't it? You can just step in here—"

Ellen caught her breath for the sheer loveliness of the gown, but held up her hand. "I'm afraid—how much is it?"

"Just $29.50. A bargain at that price, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—" Ellen hesitated, feeling stupid and painfully conscious of last year's black felt hat and the darn in her left heel. "Haven't you something a little less—"

The saleswoman lifted her arched eyebrows and sniffed audibly. "I'm afraid not. We don't carry cheap merchandise." She turned her back on Ellen with an injured, hurt air.

WHY, Sue Daniels never paid more than ten dollars for a dress, Ellen consoled herself when she was again outside. Of course Sue was smaller, easier to fit—. Suddenly Ellen laughed. That awful saleswoman. What fun she would have telling Paul about it. "* * * she looked surprised, darling, and she sniffed, just as if I'd suddenly pulled a dead fish out of mid-air and held it under her nose!" Surely, in the next shop she would find just what she wanted. Still, for all her optimism, that heady feeling of excitement was gone. She felt tired, let down.

No wonder. She had had no lunch! In the last minute rush of finishing the washing, giving Nora instructions about Denny and getting herself ready to go she had entirely neglected that little matter. She hurried down the street and into "The Red Robin." A bowl of soup, and a sandwich, they would take away that gaunt, empty feeling.

ELLEN McCARTHY." She turned suddenly at the sound of her name. Saw Marjory Adams, Drucilla Lane, and Judy Allan at a nearby table. And suddenly the years rolled back. She was a schoolgirl again. Hurrying from classes to lunch with this same trio.

She hurried towards the table, clasped slim white hands in her own, kissed Marjory on the cheek and seated herself in the empty chair. Everyone talked at once.

"This is a reunion. First Marjory, then Drucilla, now Ellen."

"It's been years—"

"Twelve years—"

"Don't remind me!"

Ellen looked at the three women. They didn't look any older. The three pretty school girls had become three smartly clad, sophisticated women. That hat of Judy's—black straw, plain, but so smart, with the tiny nose veil. And Marjory. The sheer blue wool dress she wore cried Paris and Chanel in every line. As for Drucilla. No one could wear tailored things with quite the same dash as she. Ellen felt suddenly self-conscious. She straightened her hat, and hid her rough hands beneath the table. She must look like a little brown wren alongside them.

The conversation turned to the subject of what each had been doing in the twelve years since they last met. Marjory had been in Paris studying art. She clasped her long, perfectly manicured hands and told of the exhibit of her work to be held that summer in New York. Her etchings were attracting no little attention, she informed them with a proud little lilt in her voice. Drucilla asked what she thought about the future of modernistic Art, and Ellen felt herself suddenly shut out. She remained silent, trying to keep pace with their clever, brilliant talk.

Judy had made a name for herself in the world of music and she had "dabbled a bit, with no little success,

my dears," in the theater, under the name of Anna Tanya. The talk veered to the latest plays on Broadway. Again Ellen was on a lonely island.

Drucilla was private secretary to a big steel king.

"But weren't you and Larry Downes engaged to be married?" Judy asked.

Drucilla laughed a short, hard laugh. "I recovered from that. He had some impossibly old-fashioned ideas about marriage, children, and love in a cottage."

"Not really!"

"Mid-victorian."

"You'd have been a fool!"

Ellen felt her skin tighten and her face flush.

"And you, Ellen. What have you been doing?" someone asked.

Ellen hesitated, conscious of the three pairs of eyes fixed upon her. Well, what had she been doing? What had she to relate? How to tell in so many words of the sacredness of those first months of marriage to Paul; of that miraculous feeling of being not one soul, but two, eternally bound together. Could mere words describe that ecstasy when first she had known she was to be a mother; the long months of waiting while her body grew heavy with its precious burden, and that moment when she looked upon her baby daughter, and felt in some small measure as He must have felt when He rested on the seventh day and looked down upon the world. Would they be interested in the battle she had had nursing Bud back to health after a siege of scarlet fever —Bud so husky and strong now, with his freckled face and his pride in "the gang"—or the fact that Alice, at the age of ten, could play on the piano, by ear, any piece she might hear? She might tell them that little Betty was at the head of her class in school, and that buttermilk, of all things, had been the only milk little Denny's system could digest from the age of two months on. But would these drab facts interest them? They had all seemed vitally important to Ellen at the time, but now they seemed uninteresting, colorless.

She heard her voice, weak and faint, as if from the bottom of a deep, dark well. "Me? Why nothing, I guess. Just raising a family. I have four children, you know."

There was an embarrassed pause, and then Drucilla laughed. She always had been able to laugh herself out of an embarrassing situation.

Ellen left soon after, and there were friendly goodby's and fervent promises to "meet again." But Ellen knew this could never be. They belonged to a different world. As she walked away she could almost hear their comments and the undercurrent of pity in their voices. "Such a shame," they would say, "she used to be such a brilliant person. An A student in English. Such an amazing sense of humor. Remember her screamingly funny compositions?" And then they would forget her, return to their smart, sparkling talk.

ELLEN tried to recapture her mood of an hour before; she told herself, "Snap out of it, my dear. You've new clothes to buy yet, and a party to look forward to." But she was conscious of a dull feeling of resentment as she traveled from shop to shop hunting a dress. She found herself comparing each gown with the taffeta one and thinking "* * * this one is shoddy, cheap * * *" or "* * * the shade is all wrong, it makes my skin look muddy * * *" and "* * * $29.50 isn't a scandalous price to pay for a dress.

I'll bet Judy paid that much for her hat * * *" and finally, "* * * I haven't had a decent dress since I was married * * *" In the end, spurred into action by the lateness of the hour, she chose a black rough crepe dress, long, with short puff sleeves, marked down to $9.79 from the winter season. She could remove the tawdry gold bow, wear her strand of pearls and her pearl earrings, "and look as I always do, drab, practical, a season behind," she thought.

The tall clock on the corner of Main and Broadway told her it was five o'clock. She quickened her steps. Still shoes and stockings to buy. No time, now, to get a wave. She used to wave her own hair when she was going to school. Brush it until it gleamed, then steam it with hot towels and push the wave into place. But that took time. Time! When had she a minute she could call her own, an undisturbed night of sleep? No wonder fine lines were already making their appearance in her fair skin.

She passed a shoe store and feasted her eyes on a pair of fragile, golden sandals. Just what she wanted! Golden sandals and a shimmering taffeta dress. She saw the price tag $10.50 and walked away. "Marjory, or Judy could have bought them without even a glance at the price tag," she thought as she walked one flight up and bought a pair of black kid pumps with a silver metal bow.

With her purchases under her arm she made her way towards the hosiery counter in Bengels Co. And then she saw them, on the end of the counter near the elevator. Lace stockings. Fragile as a spider's web. As soft in color as the first warm breath of spring. "They are just new," the salesgirl remarked at her elbow. "Beautiful, aren't they?" Ellen nodded and touched them gently with a gloved hand. The price tag said, "$2.50." They would go well with a peach-colored taffeta dress and gold sandals, wouldn't they?" she asked, torturing herself.

"Oh, yes. Beautifully," the clerk assured her.

Suddenly, standing there at the hosiery counter with her packages under her arm, her hat crooked, and her nose shiny, Ellen wanted those stockings more than anything else in the whole world. And she had just 65 cents in her purse. "I just wanted something for everyday," she lied bitterly and bought a pair of semi-chiffon hose for 59 cents. She didn't look at the lace stockings again. Didn't have to. She would never forget them.

THEY became, as she walked home, the symbol of everything lovely she had wanted in the last eleven years and couldn't have. Lovely things she had wanted marched through her mind in tantalizing procession. A brown coat with a beaver collar; a pink knitted suit with a beret to match; a white felt picture hat with a blue band; a star sapphire ring like Aunt Jasmine's. Aunt Jasmine! Or Judy, or Drucilla, or Marjory. Catch them denying themselves anything. She, Ellen, was as intelligent as any of them. "I could have been a writer, a newspaper woman." But what had happened? She had fallen in love with Paul. Let her heart rule her head. Oh, of course, some day she would have all the lovely things she wanted. Maybe. Some day! She wanted them now, while she was young. "You should have chosen a career, Ellen McCarthy Dale," she told herself.

BUD met her at the door. "Won the ball game, Mom." She saw his tousled hair, his dirty shirt, and the rip in his overalls. "Bud, you've torn your overalls again. You must think were're made of money," she almost screamed. Bud said, "Yes'm," and disappeared into the bedroom, a hurt look on his freckled face.

Alice ran in from the kitchen. "Oh, mother," she reached for Ellen's packages, "let me see!" Ellen frowned down into her eager, upturned face. "Leave things alone!" Little Betty, always shy, remained in the background, her round, serious eyes on her mother's face.

The phone rang. "It's Mr. Dale," Nora called.

Ellen unfastened Denny's clinging hands from her skirt.

"Get a dress, honey?" Paul asked.

"Oh my, yes," she answered. "I bought a silver lame evening dress, solid gold sandals, an ermine jacket and—and lace stockings, thin as a spider's web!" She was very near to tears.

There was a moment's silence, then Paul's voice came over the wire, worried, husky. "What's the matter, honey? Didn't you have enough money?"

Ellen made no reply. She couldn't speak. "Maybe I can borrow ten from Mike."

"No. Don't bother." Borrow ten and be six months paying it back. "I have to get busy." She hung up. "Shame, shame," she scolded herself. "Paul hasn't had a new suit for three years." But she didn't care. She didn't care!

JUST at that moment a low, cream-colored roadster drew up in front of the house and stopped. Aunt Jasmine got out of the car and came walking up the path. Aunt Jasmine in a clever, apple-green outfit, her gray hair perfectly waved. "Fashion note, for spring," Ellen thought. "Select a bright, light weight wool dress for wear under your winter coat." She bundled her packages together, threw them in the hall closet and shut the door.

"Hello, darling," Aunt Jasmine greeted. "You look tired. Anything wrong?" Ellen made no reply, but fastened her eyes on a flat package in Aunt Jasmine's hand. Denny toddled in from the kitchen, his arms held up. "Damin, Damin," he lisped. Jasmine threw the package carelessly, wearily on the table and reached eagerly, hungrily for Denny. "Just something I bought me as I came through town. See if you like them." She walked over to the window with Denny in her arms.

Ellen unwrapped the package, and a tiny moan escaped her lips. Lace stockings! Not one pair, but three! The very stockings she had wanted. It wasn't fair! Bitterness and weariness culminated into tears, and she wept silently, one hand on the lace stockings, the other hand to her lips. It wasn't fair. Aunt Jasmine had everything!

Then she looked up, saw Aunt Jasmine standing by the window, Denny in her arms, his dimpled hand on her lips, the light making a halo of his bright curls. But it was the look on Jasmine's face that checked Ellen's tears, and sent the bitterness from her heart with one clean stroke. For in that unguarded moment she saw disillusionment, futility and poignant loneliness in the other woman's face.

"Oh, I've never known that," she thought, indescribable loneliness. I never will. I have my children. True, they will grow up, marry and move away. But they will return

for warm, cozy visits. They and their children and their children's children. Always she would have her fingertips on life's pulse.

The thought came to Ellen that Aunt Jasmine was the Marjories, the Judys, the Drucillas, ten, fifteen years from now. Successful, rich, bored and lonely. The grass always looked greener on the other side of the fence. Until this moment she had seen only the attractive part of the older woman's life. The ease and comfort, the money. She had not realized that money could purchase only material things that faded and tarnished and lost their thrill the moment after purchase.

Ellen's life was full, busy, soul-satisfying. Career! Why, she had chosen a career! The most important one in the world. Careers of Music, of Art, of Literature, they were all very important. They made for a rich and more abundant life, but first there must be people born to enjoy them.

The Career of Motherhood!

"It is such an age-old occupation that people take it for granted," Ellen thought, "like the miracle of the sun rising every morning, or the wonder of green sprouts pushing their way through the damp earth in the spring. We mothers are partly to blame. We take it for granted ourselves. We are apologetic about our calling. "Just raising a family," I said this afternoon, and I lowered my eyes. I should have held my head high."

She would start a new vogue among mothers. Pride in their task. It was an inspiring thought. It took her firmly by the hand and lead her to the top of a lofty mountain.

She carefully folded the lace stockings in the box, put the lid on and tied the string in a tight, hard knot. She was humming a happy little tune.

THE WOULD-BE-MOTHER

By Ella J. Coulam

My heart goes out on Mother's Day
To the lonely Would-Be Mother,
Who smiles and tries so valiantly
Her yearning hopes to smother.

Would she have scolded if her little lad
Made tracks on the kitchen floor?
Would she have censured him
When he loudly banged the door?

Would she have said unkind and hurting things
When he lost his cap and ties?
Would she have been too tired for story-hours
Or to see the love-light in his trusting eyes?

Dear God help me to be as kind
As that Would-Be Mother yearns to be;
Help me to guide these little ones
And please dear God—bless such as she.

Edward P. Kimball

A TRIBUTE TO EDWARD P. KIMBALL AT THE ANNUAL CONCERT OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE WASHINGTON BRANCH AT THE WASHINGTON CHAPEL, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1937

By Melvin C. Merrill

OUT OF the heart of the mountains came sweet melodies. On waves of ether were they carried far and wide by modern miracle. From a huge musical mechanism, delicately attuned, came the soul-stirring strains. At the console sat a master, in a setting world-renowned and visited by hundreds of thousands from every clime. Thus did the inhabitants of earth come to know the famous organist, Edward P. Kimball.

In America's Capital near the eastern shores of this beloved "land of the free" was builded a chapel, a gem of beauty. From the mountains came the stone, unbelievably attractive in sunshine and shadow; from the records of the past came the unique figure on the spire heralding a message of peace and good will to the nations. Into the interior was placed the heart of the structure, an instrument of high quality whose melodious sounds were to soothe the ears, soften the hearts, and regenerate the souls of thousands.

BUT who would be called upon to produce these effects? Came the thrilling announcement, "Edward P. Kimball, Senior Organist of the Salt Lake Tabernacle!" The result, a flutter of excitement in our Branch to have one so great and distinguished chosen for the appointment. Awed we were at the prospect.

Then came the great one, and with him came Hazel and Marion and Ted and Don. And we found that he was *human,* and we opened our hearts to him and his family. His warm, colorful personality melted away our timorous trepidations and we came to love him like a brother. To us all he was soon genial Ed. Kimball. But we found him greater than we had even expected; we found him great in artistry, great in ability, great in faith, great in enthusiasm, great in companionship, great in humility, and great in service. In his work here he daily exemplified the implied suggestion that "He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." And the Relief Society, as well as all the other organizations in the Branch, can testify with grateful appreciation of his helpful service to them.

INSTEAD of a single set of abilities and talents, as have many artists, we soon found that Ed had four, and we became convinced that in all the world he was the one best selection for the important position he held among us. Not only was he a capable and accomplished musician, but he was as well a fluent and entertaining speaker, a lovable and cordial mixer among his fellowmen, and an experienced, practical man of affairs particularly qualified to be the Director of this imposing building with its technical and intricate apparatus. The immaculate condition of this chapel after three and a half years of daily use bears glowing testimony to his efficient and painstaking efforts in supervising its care and upkeep.

LITTLE children loved him, young people loved him, and the older ones loved and admired him for his talents and abilities. Our hearts have been indeed saddened this week. The large audience that assembled here on Tuesday, that filled the choir seats and the chapel, that crowded the recreation hall, and that overflowed on to the stage, bore eloquent tribute to the love and respect that Edward P. Kimball had won among us. Not alone were members of our Church there, but others as well—fellow Rotarians and friends and admirers. And though the appeal was so sweetly sung to "Dry Those Tears," those assembled found it difficult or impossible to comply.

FROM the mountains came to us this choice spirit; to the mountains its tabernacle has returned for interment. Ed, our friend and pal, has gone, and we shall see him no more in all our journeys through the rest of this life. But though he is gone he is not forgotten, nor ever will he be, as long as memory lives. His personality still lingers among us—his smile, his joviality, his enthusiasm, his lively ways. And from every room in this well-kept building and from the beautiful grounds without its colorful walls comes to us his cheery voice.

MY FRIENDS, his message to us tonight is, carry on, do your best, go forward. He would have this program conducted as though nothing tragic had just happened. Therefore, let the strains of sweet music resound, from both voice and instrument. Magic refrains will arise out of the depths of our emotions as we this night appreciate the excellent performance rendered for our entertainment. And as we derive spiritual benefit from the renditions we shall also receive ennoblement of soul as we recall our associations with Edward P. Kimball, the glorious work he did, and the mission he so effectively filled. Always for us his personality will play on and on and on, and the strains will be heavenly music to our ears.

Excerpt From Radio Talk

By President Louise Y. Robison

IN her radio talk on Sunday, March 21, President Robison said:

"Tonight we remember one of these great souls whom we lovingly call an Honorary Member—Edward P. Kimball. The last service he rendered was in training a Relief Society chorus in Washington for their annual celebration. He died before the program was rendered. Instead of a celebration the evening Friday was turned into Memorial exercises in honor of the man beloved. One speaker made the following statement which finds response in all our hearts, 'Always for us his personality will play on and on and on, and the strains will be heavenly music to our ears.'

"Funeral services were held for him today where heartfelt tributes were paid to his memory. But because of the service he has so graciously and so generously given to the Singing Mothers, we wish to offer as a tribute of appreciation to the memory of a great musician, a true friend, the beautiful words of Alfred Tennyson, 'Crossing the Bar'."

A TRIBUTE TO EDWARD P. KIMBALL

By Grace S. Colton

His heart was filled with melodies;
His eyes saw heavenly visions and celestial glory.
As the notes rippled off his fingers,
We sat through that quiet hour of music,
And all the good of earth came back to keep us company.
The whole scale was at his command,
And as he played exquisitely,
We saw the hills of home and heard the music in the trees—
The breaking of the morn; glad, triumphant,
The brilliant shadows in the sky as night changed places with the day;
Father, Mother—all the golden days of youth;
The evening prayer, as heart swelled with the melody
In praise of God.
Wedding bells and happy hearts—
A child is born; rejoicing!
Flowers in the garden, beauty running riot everywhere;
Children at play in bright sunshine,
Tossing their laughter and their shouting;
Death, and the low soft notes of comforting ecstasy;
The murmur of lapping water on the shore;
The mighty majesty of the waves amid the storm,
As wind tears water into foam and lashing music;
Church bells calling to worship on
His Holy Day—,
And then the hour was over, and we went away;

* * * * * *

And after that, the closing of the organ,
The closing of the eyes.

* * * * * *

There's a note of quiet sadness
Around the little church today,
For the hands that played the organ
Are stilled; the artist gone away.
He went out the open doorway
In the quiet afternoon,
Easter lilies on his bier.
The sobbing of the organ
And his choir you could hear.
But the memory of the gladness
That he put in every heart,
Will be ever in our keeping,
Never more from us to part.
Brother Kimball, may the choir
In the land you've gone to see,
Have you softly play your music
Throughout all eternity.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

Chapter XII

"I COME close to the tree in the cave," Lon explained to the group listening to his strange story of the stolen steers. "I hear sound. I listen. Steers bellow back in hill, ver' strange. I heap scart. I listen more. I hear men. Tree move little more. Then come still. I wait little while. Then I look at tree. I bring axe to cut down. When I hit, it jump off ground and show door. I show you."

Lon struck the dead tree which was apparently rooted to the floor of the cave, and it sprang upward to the ceiling of the cavern, revealing an aperture in the wall of the cave which led to an open valley behind.

Upon examination they found that this tree was suspended from the rock roof of the cave by rawhide ropes, ingeniously concealed in the dead branches. When it was lowered into place by the ropes which were operated from the rear side of the cave by crude, but cleverly contrived pulleys, it fit firmly onto the floor and appeared to have at one time grown there. It was so close against the wall that no light came through from the other side of the opening when the tree was in place. But when it was lifted, a doorway, two and a half feet wide and five feet high was opened.

Both Steve and Uncle Billy had been in the cave hundreds of times, and they could now scarcely believe their eyes.

Lon went on to tell how he had gone through the opening to the box-like canyon into which he now conducted the others. They could see where this led out through a sort of tunnel to the notch in the Grand Canyon itself. Fresh tracks from the steers were still visible.

They examined the stone weights which raised and lowered the tree. The pulleys were so arranged that a heavy jar on the tree itself, or a jerk from the outside on one of the ropes would lift the tree. It lowered itself automatically as the ropes unwound.

Lon explained that after he had made the discovery and had connected it with his former experience, he had started to the Park to tell Steve. He had met Helen and had relayed the message to her, returning to make further investigations. He had followed the stolen steers at a safe distance, and when they were bedded for the night on a shelf of the canyon trail, he had returned to the ranch, expecting to find Steve with help.

When he had found Hawley with Uncle Billy and the others, he had hidden on the ridge above the cabins, waiting for an opportunity to reveal what he knew without giving the discovery away to Hawley.

"But I don't understand yet," Steve said, "just where the cattle are now, or how Hawley is going to get them to his range."

"This trail around the face of the canyon," explained Helen, "joins your range land with his. I'm sure I saw that train of steers down under the rim of the canyon when I was flying with Pete Rockwood yesterday. His men are taking them to his corrals where the brands will

be changed from Double H to Crossed Four Bar."

"I wonder if you *can* be right."

"There's one way to find out; to be at Hawley's ranch when those steers arrive and catch him red-handed in the act of changing your brand."

"We'll try," Steve declared, new fire in his eyes. "Uncle Billy, Lon will take you around this secret trail. You can keep out of sight and follow the thieves onto Hawley's range with the steers so there'll be no alibi. Helen—Mrs. Latimer—and I will go to the Park and phone to Fredonia for some real officers and be out at Hawley's ranch when the cattle are brought in."

STEVE and Helen made the trip back to the Park almost in silence.

Once he said, "I can't help thinking how it must seem to you—having your dad go the way he did—and then coming out here to find things in a mess like this. I promise I'll try to make it up to you the best I can."

"You have nothing to make up, Steve. If Mr. Hawley or someone else took my father's cattle, that was not your fault."

"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time making your husband believe that it isn't somebody's fault." Still she did not tell him.

It was almost dark when they reached the hotel. Steve put his call through for the officers, then prepared for bed. Helen insisted upon his allowing Wood Russell to dress his wounds and upon his staying at the hotel instead of going to Uncle Billy's cabin as he planned. He looked ill with weariness and anxiety.

When Wood had finished, Steve came to tell Helen good night. She was in one corner of the lobby, pretending to read.

"It's strange to think who you really are—and that our dads were pals."

"They were like David and Jonathan, Uncle Billy told me." She was afraid to look into his dark brooding eyes lest he should read her secret.

"It would have been great if we could have known each other when we were kids, and grown up as friends.

"But we *are* friends now, aren't we?" Helen stood up and held out her hands.

"Yes—friends," he repeated. He held her hands lightly for a moment then gripped them close.

"Good night," he said abruptly and hurried from the room.

HELEN found a letter from Aunt Nettie waiting in her cabin.

"Your foolishness," it informed her, "has cost you dear. George has started suit for divorce, charging you with desertion. Can't you come to your senses? If you will hurry home it may not be too late. Without finishing, Helen crushed the letter in her hands. Her heart was singing.

Free! Free!

EARLY the next morning Bernice Hawley came to Helen's cabin.

"I'm sorry for the things I said to you at the Lodge. Pete Rockwood has been showing me how foolish I've been—in more ways than one. I've found out that I do care for him—even more than for Steve. I hope you'll forgive me and forget how nasty I was."

Helen patted the girl's hand and kissed her cheek.

"It's all right, dear. I know that in your heart you know better, and

I'm glad about you and Pete. I promised to say a good word for him, but evidently he didn't need it."

"I came early because I'm going to Salt Lake today. Dad is selling out. Pete's going to take him to Texas tomorrow to finish up his deal. I may not see you again. But I just had to tell you that I know that you're not like Tess Morley and that I hope you'll be good to Steve."

Helen flushed.

"There's nothing between Steve and me. But I'm glad you came to tell me good bye, and hope you and Pete will be very happy."

As Bernice walked away, Helen felt like adding a little prayer for that wish. She was sorry for the humiliation and shame Bernice was sure to have to face as her father's daughter.

SHE hurried to the hotel to inform Steve about Hawley's plans to sell. That explained why his men were rounding up the cattle.

"We haven't been any too soon," Steve said excitedly. "I hope there's no way he can give us the slip now. Those officers ought to be coming."

They still hadn't arrived, however, when he and Helen had finished breakfast.

"To play safe," Steve said, "I'm going out to that observation tower overlooking Hawley's ranch. You know where it is, don't you? The one the rangers use to watch for forest fires on the west side of the mountain."

"Yes, I know."

"As soon as the officers come, bring them out. We can see from there when my—our—steers are brought up out of the canyon onto the range."

A moment later he added:

"The more I think of it, the stronger the evidence seems. Hawley's herd is your cattle plus what he has stolen from me. Fortunately, as we were saying yesterday, there are ways of discovering changed brands even on old cattle. I believe we'll be able to prove that he and maybe that red-bearded rascal were the men your father hired to drive his cattle to Texas. Your trip out here may be worth while yet."

For a moment he stood as if he were going to say something more, but instead, he walked to his horse and rode away.

STEVE had not been gone long when the officers arrived. Helen made the necessary explanations.

At first they were incredulous about Hawley's part in the affair. It was difficult for them to believe that he had violated his deputyship in such a manner. But Helen's story was so convincing that they went with her, at least eager to find out the truth.

When they reached the tower, Steve was waiting impatiently. He could already see the cattle coming up from the rim of the canyon. In a short time they would be in the clearing where Hawley and his men were waiting to complete their job.

Steve tried to persuade Helen to go back to the hotel. "There might be shooting," he explained. But she would not listen.

The officers rode on ahead down the ridge to the clearing where the branding was to be done. A little back from the edge of the timber they waited to explain their plan.

"You two," said the sheriff, "wait here while we creep down a little closer. We'll whistle when the moment comes."

Again Steve wanted Helen to go back.

"It's really dangerous with fellows who would do what these have done. Your husband would never

forgive me if I let you in on a thing like this."

"My husband knows I would let myself in on it if I wanted to be there," she told him.

Steve leaned towards her, and placing one hand on her saddle horn drew their mounts close together.

"Helen—would he care very much—if I kissed you—once—for what we might have been to each other?"

"We won't ask him," she said, lifting her face.

For a moment their lips clung; their senses blurred into a great joy. Then the sheriff's whistle came through the trees.

They rode into the clearing. Hawley was shouting directions as the steers were driven into the enclosure. He stood with the branding iron waiting for his men to fasten a second steer securely enough that he might place the new brand exactly over the old one.

Helen was surprised to see Tess Morley on the opposite side of the corral with her movie camera, taking pictures of what was going on.

"Why should she want pictures of this?" she wondered aloud. Steve said nothing, but he thought he knew.

The people in the corral were so intent on what they were doing that they did not see the sheriff's party until the officer called:

"Hold on Hawley! Your jig's up!" The officers, with pistols and handcuffs in evidence scaled the fence.

Hawley looked at them a moment with dropping jaw. Then he threw the branding iron in their direction and shouted an oath.

As they drew nearer he pointed to a red-headed man who was in the act of mounting a horse.

"Don't forget Red Morley there and his girl, Tess, if you're going to take anybody. It was them who planned this racket."

Like a flash the red-bearded man was in the saddle. Spurs struck and he sped in the direction from which the cattle had just come. But he was met by Uncle Billy and Lon and brought back, cursing. Tess did not move.

The officers snapped handcuffs onto Hawley and read their warrant.

"You fellows bring the other two," the sheriff ordered his deputies and Uncle Billy. We'll go over in this cabin and have a little chat."

Tess, with her head high, gave one glance in Steve's direction and walked toward the cabin, leaving the camera on the tripod by the fence.

Steve and Helen stood looking over the corral full of milling cattle. Down in the edge of the clearing they could see another herd struggling around a bed of salt.

"It's too good to have the puzzle solved," Steve sighed. "And it's better still to know you'll have your father's herd."

HELEN did not speak. Her eyes were far away. After a little Steve broke the silence again.

"It's going to be a job for a good lawyer to figure out what's my share and what's yours."

She brought her eyes to him then and asked slowly, "Why need we bother to have it figured out? Why can't we go on as partners with the Double H Cattle Company our fathers started?"

Steve started, not daring to hope what her words suggested.

"But your husband—would he—"

"My husband," said Helen with a look for Steve which he could not

mistake, "is an unfortunate incident in my past." Her hand crept into his. "For us there is only the present and the future."

He took her into his arms and held her close. Twilight flung her mantle over the valley and the brooding spirit of the Kaibab filled their souls with wordless content.

THE END

Glorious Motherhood

By Agnes Just Reid

WHEN a young mother hears the cry of her first-born, she feels that the ecstasy of that moment can never be equalled, but when a second baby comes her joy is two-fold. Imagine then a mother who has seventeen times experienced the thrill of motherhood and who still has that number of living, loving, healthy, intelligent children. How can one mother heart hold so much of joy!

SUCH is the lot of Dorothy Dean Yancey, of Blackfoot, Idaho. She does not, however, think that she has done much. She told her experiences—and such experiences, hesitatingly because she could not see how they would be interesting to anyone else.

The Yanceys are not wealthy people in the way the world measures wealth. Most of their married lives they have lived on a farm where there was much hard work and little reward. Now, Mr. Yancey has a small trucking business. Wherever they live, the problem of the homemaker has been the same, keeping the washing and the mending and the sewing and the cooking done for this big family, yet this brave woman does it all and finds time to help on the outside to bring in something to help meet expenses.

She has been blessed with good health, but there is something besides good health that has carried her through thirty years of married life and kept her youth still shining in her face.

As a child, she loved babies more than anything in the world. At her mother's home the babies grew up too soon so that she never had a chance to take care of them. She determined to have lots of babies in her own home. When her first one was one year old, the second one was born, so that while she held one in her arms, she reached out and held a bottle for the older one to get his food. Since that time, her busy hands have always been doing double duty.

Only six months of her married life has she had help in her house. After the first twins were born, she did not get strong right away and she was obliged to hire help. She has had twins three times. The last pair, and the youngest of the family, are now four years old. When they were born there were six babies too young to go to school. Six babies at once! Most mothers would consider six a good sized family and would prefer a few years between birthdays, not this dauntless mother.

When asked about wash day, she said: "Oh, I get along all right. I always get up earlier on wash day, about three o'clock, and have it all out of the way by the time the children get up."

On ordinary days she gets breakfast while the family is getting around, then the older children do the kitchen work while she cleans

rooms and makes beds, so by the time the children go to school, the work is done and this busy mother is free to sew or to go out to work for others.

Does she ever go to Church? Oh, yes. The whole family never fails to go to Church twice every Sunday. She gets up a little earlier to get them all ready but she does not mind that. She also attends Relief Society meetings regularly and teaches a class.

It looks as if the hardest days might be over for this busy mother since there really is not as much to be done in her town home as there was on the farm. As the older children grew up to help with the house work, she did much of the outdoor farm work. Whenever possible she has thinned beets, plowed beets and cut potatoes. One spring she cut eight hundred sacks of seed, averaging seventy-five sacks a day. Some of the neighbors were skeptical so they gathered to see her give a demonstration. She not only proved that she could cut that many but some of the doubters went over a sack carefully and found only three sets without eyes. No machine yet invented can keep pace with her.

There has never been a death in the Yancey family but one baby was still-born and four others were premature and never lived.

Three of the older ones are married; one son returned recently from a mission in South Carolina, and a daughter works for the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, D. C.

The rest of the family she has with her and when things seem too quiet around the house, she borrows one of her grandchildren for a while. She has even been called in to take care of other people's children while they go on vacations, for the neighbors all realize that she is a most remarkable mother.

MAY DAY REVERIE

By Della Adams Leitner

Children round the May pole dancing
Weaving ribbons gay;
Prisms flashing on green velvet,
Greet the month of May.

Watching you, oh tripping fairies,
Time rolls back the scroll,
Happy childhood playmates join me
Circling round the pole.

Precious memories they bring me,
Though the teardrops start,
Treasuring these, I keep forever
May day in my heart.

To President Heber J. Grant

Among the deeply appreciated letters received by President Grant on his eightieth birthday was the following

AN APPRECIATION

THIS morn at dawn, while scarcely yet awake, remembrance came that this was the Natal Day of our great Leader—that he had reached the milestone marked "Four Score."

There welled within my soul a prayer of gratitude and praise for what his life has meant of uplift and of service to mankind. Perhaps few days have passed in all those eighty years, when someone was not cheered or gladdened by some thoughtful, kindly act of his.

It seemed as though I saw again his mother's radiant face, when, as she finished reading his most recent note to her, she smiled and said: "Unless he comes himself he almost always writes a note to me each day which shows his loving thoughtfulness."

Next came a prayer that God would spare him long, and give him health and peace, with increased wisdom as the years shall come and go. At once I seemed to feel that mine was only one of a half million who, this day, were praying thus. A multitude with hearts in unison, asking the same great boon. How *could* he be other than a man of God—strong in the strength that God alone can give—wise, tender, helpful, sympathetic, when all these prayers were offered that he *might be such a man?*

Strange would it be, indeed, should faith like this remain unheeded! And so my gratitude found new expression in the thought that even faith and confidence and prayer of mine, might have availed in some small measure to bring lengthened life and health and blessing to our Leader who is much beloved.

Richly blessed my life has been through mingling with his kindred and himself. His mother while my neighbor taught me much of cheerfulness, of patience and implicit faith and trust in Providence. Ever since my girlhood, have I shared the blessing of his wife's companionship; and her fine intellect and spirit as well as rich experiences and opportunities that have come to me through her, have left sweet memories that are priceless. From the ten lovely daughters who have come to bless our President's home, have I gained much.

Rachel—far-seeing, frank, practical, efficient, does honor to her noble heritage.

Lutie — sympathetic, generous tactful, whose heart is educated more highly even than is her splendid mind. A true neighbor in its finest sense she proved to be, when for almost half a score of years it was my blessed privilege to call her mine.

Flo — typifies the home-loving, home-making mother, and yet with all gives generously to others from the riches of her well stored mind. And who can measure or enumerate the joy and comfort given by Edith, through the sharing of her glorious gift. She knows no cast of rich or poor, of high or lowly born, but ever goes to place of sorrow or of mirth to love, to serve, to bless.

With Anna we have shared a gift of more material kind—delicious viands prepared by her own capable hands, and many homes are richer in happiness because the things she knew so well she taught to makers of these homes.

To Mary, the ever calm and placid daughter, I am much indebted. She gives me treasures from the deep springs of her intellect and spirit that refresh my soul and furnish food for thought through future days.

"Aunt" Emily's daughters I have not known so well, yet have loved and admired them for their poise and charming personality. More than thankful have I been for luck or chance or circumstance that the younger two came to live beneath the same roof in lovely Deseret, for several weeks. They came thither while I chaperoned a group of charming girls on a vacation trip. 'Twas Frances' trousseau they had come to make, but Frances had her thoughts amid the clouds—on music or on Wallace, so gifted Emily planned and wrought as though by magic. Of course she let all of us help just a little on the lovely things that are so thrilling to girls' hearts, and so the music and the stitching and the close association of those few short weeks, brought friendship that became more valued with the years that came and went, while Emily still was here.

Among the fourth generation there are some whom I have known and loved from their childhood until now, when they bring *their* babies to make friends with me. Besides all this, the daughters chose their husbands from among the families of my friends. In several instances have I known *five generations on both sides*—in others three or two.

And so for President Grant and all who share his honored name we pray like Tiny Tim "God Bless You Every One."

—*May Booth Talmage.*

TO MY MOTHER

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

She did not lack in other gracious gifts,—
A gleam of humor brightening careworn hours,
A clear intelligence of mind and heart,
A love of birds and animals and flowers,
A generous sharing of her scanty store,
A sense of justice rarer still to find;
But still I treasure most this memory—
She was so kind.

Her life knew many burdens hard to bear;
For her no luxury or careless ease,
But patient still, and cheerful, she wrought on,
And gave but little thought herself to please.
And so I covet most, as I look back
On childhood days now left so far behind,
The gift of charity that suffers long,
And still is kind.

The Promise

By Blanche Sego

ELEANOR MARTIN opened her shabby pocketbook and placed the five dollar bill inside, as she thanked her employer and left the store.

It was her earnings for the few days in which she had held the position as clerk in the small country grocery, during the rush of customers that the sale had brought.

Holding her head high with a new sense of self reliance, she walked slowly down the sidewalk.

Which store would be the best for her intended purchases? she wondered. Benton's, the one on the left, did not keep the kind of shoes she wanted for the twins; but they might have the cunning little anklets with the rose stripe, she had dreamed of purchasing to match the shoes.

Well, she would try Burdick's. They would be almost sure to have both—then a sudden thought came to her and she stopped outside the door weak and ashamed. The tithing! There was the fifty cents due on this five dollars; then four dollars more on that forty Dewey earned in the early spring. They had postponed payment of tithing thinking that they could get more money later.

Three times she had been in possession of enough to pay it; but each time had smothered conscience with the thought that the children were needing things so badly that she would wait.

Dewey too, had been willing to wait. He had been gone now, two weeks, seeking employment. The last letter she received from him was so full of hopelessness and bitterness that she had cried for hours over it and had prayed earnestly that he would soon be fortunate enough to find work.

There was barely enough flour in the house for another baking of bread. Where would the next come from? If she used this five dollars she could purchase flour and the articles for the twins, also.

Even as the thought came to her, however, there came also another. As if in accusation the words came to her mind:

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings."

Then the promise following these words came to her. The promise of the Lord that upon those who gave their tithes and offerings, He would open the windows of heaven, and pour out such a blessing that there should not be room enough to receive it.

Eleanor's face suddenly lighted. She had decided. Even though it would take all but fifty cents of her earnings, she would pay their tithing.

The fifty cents would be more than sufficient for the purchase of the anklets, and she supposed she could black the children's old shoes so that they would do a little longer.

With light feet she hastened on her way to Bishop Hadley's house, anxious to pay it now for fear temptation might be too strong for her before the following fast day.

The bishop happened to be at home. He kindly inquired concerning her health and that of her family, adding later that he hoped they were in improved circumstances.

It was on the tip of Eleanor's

tongue to blurt out the truth; they had only two or three handfuls of flour in the house; that the twins were needing clothing, and that even now, her husband was walking the streets of a nearby city, tired, hungry and hopeless.

However she shut her lips firmly together and remained silent. They would try a little longer without asking the bishop for assistance.

As he made out the receipt, Bishop Hadley remarked, "I am pleased to see more tithing coming in. Our ward has been behind on its tithes and offerings, and many of our people are in need of assistance, which it is often difficult to render because of this. The condition is improving lately, I am glad to say."

Again a surge of shame swept Eleanor. Of what had she been thinking? Of course she must give the remaining fifty cents in her possession for a fast offering. She could not recall but one offering that had been given by them during the entire year.

Hurriedly she gave the money to the bishop. "Here is our fast offering for the month, Bishop Hadley. As I may not have the opportunity of attending the next fast meeting, I will give it to you now."

Thanking him as he gave her the tithing receipt, she started homeward, conscious of a sweet peace and calm that had settled over her troubled spirit.

The twins must wear their ragged shoes and stockings, but it really did not seem to matter so much after all. She, Eleanor Martin had done her duty, and the little she had given might help some poor family in greater need than her own.

THAT night after kissing the children good night, and patting their yellow curls as they strayed over the pillow, she knelt by their bedside and prayed that they all might be able to obtain the necessities of life and be ever faithful.

Two days later Eleanor received a letter from her husband. How different it was from the previous one! After wandering for days, seeking work, he had made the acquaintance of a splendid young man, who, he later learned was head of a large business firm there in the city.

Upon hearing her husband's story and receiving references from him, the young man had given him employment which paid well and would last for some time.

This had happened two days before; the evening of the day upon which Eleanor had given her offerings.

Towards the end of her husband's letter were the words, "Now dear, I will be able to send you some money immediately, as my employer is going to give me some in advance, because of our circumstances. Out of this, I wish you to pay our tithing." Eleanor was glad that Dewey too, had at last seen the light.

Sinking to her knees in gratitude and humility, she gave thanks to One who never fails to keep His promises, for the great blessings they had received both spiritually and temporally, which filled her heart to overflowing.

Our Inspired Leaders

By Grace C. Jacobsen

IT was a year or two previous to the great financial crash of 1929, as I remember it, that Bishop John Wells came to Sanpete as a visitor to the quarterly conference representing the General Authorities, bearing an important message to all Latter-day Saints.

At that time we were enjoying the heyday of prosperity and making plans for a greater future in expansion and investments in material wealth.

The parable of the Savior was being repeated. Old barns were being torn down and new ones built wherein to store the good things of the harvest, the "Golden Calf" was ready for the worshipers, and then on that calm Sunday afternoon this man of God arose, and addressed the people on their temporal salvation.

Much of that sermon fell on unheeding ears, and the soundness of that advice was not generally recognized. The seeds of inspiration fell on shallow ground and the sun of prosperity soon burnt them up.

There were some, however, who listened and profited thereby. To recall all the speaker said is impossible, but the following was the kernel of truth that has lived on and borne fruit an hundredfold:

"The Latter-day Saints are to build up the waste places of Zion by tithes and offerings unto the Lord. They should be industrious, and wise in the use of their time and means. Live in peace and good will toward each other and all men. Keep out of unnecessary debt, and above all let all wildcat schemes alone."

As we look back over the recent past and see the homes and farms lost, the wreckage and sorrow wrought by the evil of living above the ability to pay, it is sad, indeed, especially when fair warning had been given.

TODAY wildcat schemes have become a national industry. Rackets spring up like mushrooms, with never-ending numbers and varieties.

This sly false viper, reaches its polluted fingers into every nook and crevice of our national structure. This public enemy invades the blooming garden of babyhood, and destroys its lively buds without shame. It sears the field of promising youth without dread, and creeps with stealthy step into the domain of men and women, slinks into the home, robs the aged, undermines business, exacts its pound of flesh from misfortune, grief and even death itself. No one is safe, no one escapes unless he be wise and lets all wildcat schemes alone. How we need to follow the advice of our Inspired Leaders!

ONE of the most illuminating books written on this subject is "The Run For Your Money," written by joint authors Ellison and Brick, which is now in the second printing.

This book is the result of a thorough investigation of the racketeering game and shows how these human leeches make vast fortunes off the trusting, honest people who can be fooled into the net of deception so carefully spread for their feet.

"Pray always that ye enter not into temptation." "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free," are the safest guide posts in life, and the source of never-failing strength and security.

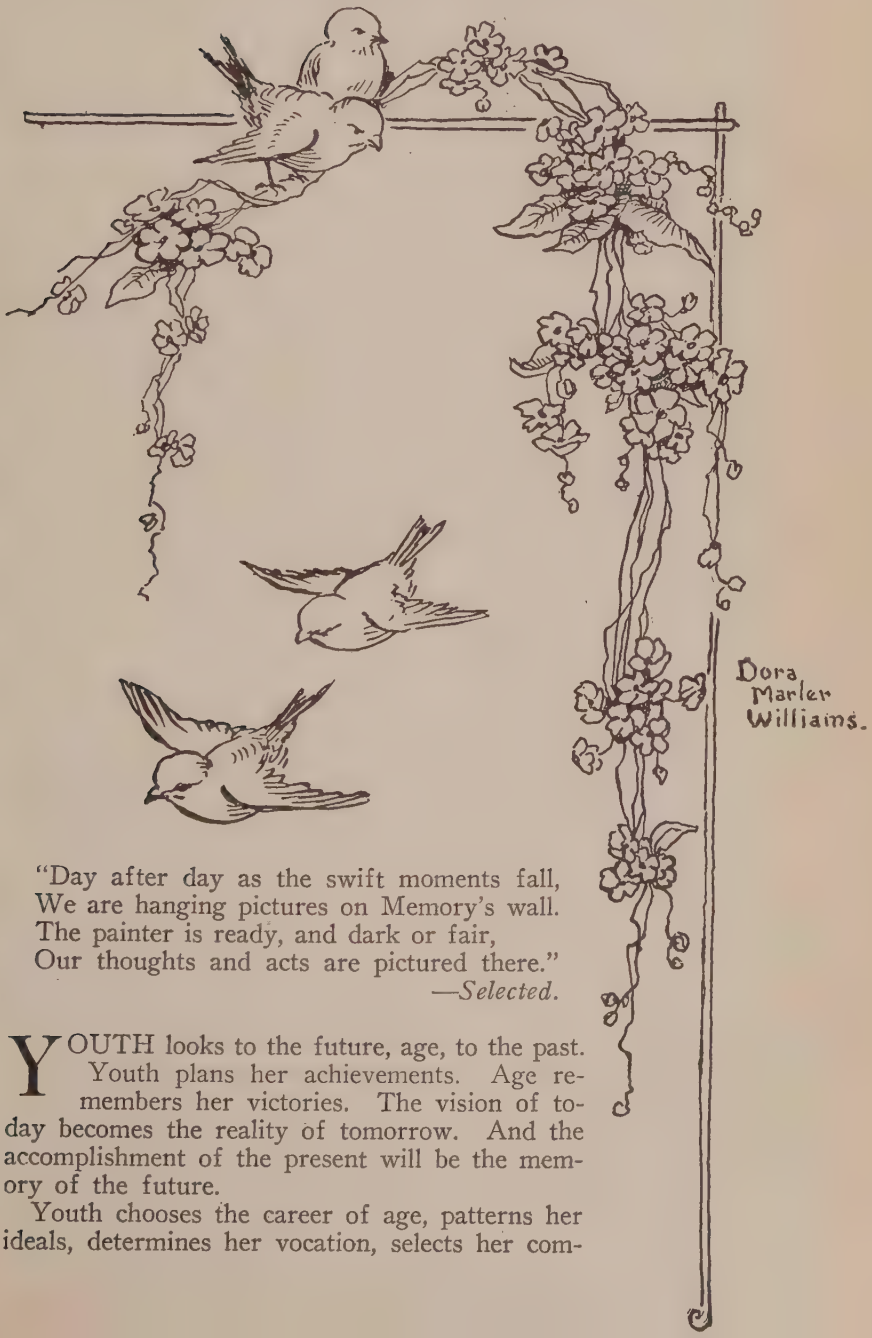
Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

MEMORIES

Take Time To Meditate

By Lella Marler Hoggan



"Day after day as the swift moments fall,
We are hanging pictures on Memory's wall.
The painter is ready, and dark or fair,
Our thoughts and acts are pictured there."

—*Selected.*

YOUTH looks to the future, age, to the past. Youth plans her achievements. Age remembers her victories. The vision of today becomes the reality of tomorrow. And the accomplishment of the present will be the memory of the future.

Youth chooses the career of age, patterns her ideals, determines her vocation, selects her com-

panion, and in a measure, forms the habits that will bind age hand and wrist or will lift her to the glory of the stars.

"Tomorrow will hold in her outstretched hand
The fruit of her yesterday's seeds."

Today is the warder of the gates of tomorrow. Are we going to let things enter into the present that will defeat the purpose of the future? Let us rather pray with Henry David Thoreau:

"Great God I ask Thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself."

OUR memories are what we make them. What beautiful, permanent things can we put into life today that will shed a halo far into the future and help us to overcome every difficulty?

Memory is one of the choice gifts of life. We can lift ourselves out of the deepest abyss of sorrow or despair, on the golden wings of memory.

"I love old roads that lure my feet
Along the way of quiet streams,
With rustic spans where I may pause
And weave a golden web of dreams."
—*Grace Ingles Frost.*

LET us watch for the glad moment when we may reach out and help a fellow voyager over the river of experience that we have crossed with so much effort and solicitude.

Have we experienced the pleasure of reading to some blind person for a few minutes every week? Do we ever write letters for the palsied old lady next door? Have we learned how to "play house" graciously with the little children in our home? Do we put vision and beauty into the stories we tell to the neighborhood girls and boys? Does the gift we carry to some little discouraged mother bring hope with it and forward looking joy? Have we learned that we must never, never suppress nor betray the confidences of our children when they come to us with their high hopes and their far-reaching ambitions?

"Each day I seek for higher, better paths
Than feet of mine have ever trod.—
Paths nearer to my brother man
And closer to God."
—*G. W. Hendricks.*

SOMETIMES a word of hope, a reminder of present virtues or past achievements has saved a discouraged person from the brink of sin or despair. Many a child has cherished in memory some precious letter or lovely promise that has led him to greater heights and finer accomplishments. Our blessing resting over our children as a benediction, will not only cheer and comfort them but it may be a saving factor in some crucial hour of temptation.

A MOTHER and a daughter once exchanged gifts at the beginning of the year with the thought that these tokens would commemorate a loving understanding between them. "Whenever you use this little gift," said the mother, "think of me, and try to do the thing that will bring your life to the sweetest, the happiest and the highest plane possible. And when I use my gift I shall think of you, and shall try to be to you what my mother has been to me, a joy, a strength and an inspiration. And no matter how far apart we may chance to be let us each pray for the other's welfare and happiness, that this little pact may hold us to the right and lift us to the heights. If

we lose or break the gift, never mind, it is only a symbol of the reality the memory of which can never be lost, and we can still build our hopes on the remembrance of what has been."

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
* * * * * *
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

—*Thomas Moore.*

LET us cultivate the habit of never retiring to our beds at night without having read something inspiring, or having listened to a lovely melody, or looked at a beautiful picture, or done a kindly deed during the day.

An elderly lady once told how she kept a little Book of Happiness. Each night she recorded in the book some pleasant incident of the day. "This practice," said she, "keeps me always alert to the lovely events of life. If nothing occurs worth recording during the day, I make it my business to bring about some beautiful happening. I go in search of joy and I always find it, and incidentally share it with someone else."

Another woman who wove her memories into beautiful quilts and rugs said, "They remind me of the dresses I wore to weddings and picnics and celebrations of all sorts. To look at them is like looking at a picture book."

Relics, souvenirs, photographs bring pleasant memories. Scrap books may be made rich in wit and wisdom. And the person who collects and memorizes choice poems and bits of prose, adds a wealth of beauty to his vocabulary and an inspiration to his living.

"So there are a hundred ways
To the long-lost yesterdays,
Where our youth forever gleams—
Down and down the road of dreams."

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

IF life is rich in service and sacrifice and is forever sustained by the assurance of divine guardianship, there will be no depths of despair that we can not overcome and no heights of glory that we may not aspire to reach. And from the wealth of a full and wholesome life will come our glad memories, memories that will hold us to the fulfillment of our dreams.

"From what oil I could find in the valleys of truth,
And what wick I could weave from the threads of my thought,
I have lighted a lamp, with the dreams of my youth,
And lifted to those who have toiled and have fought."

—*Selected.*

NO man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IF you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—*Bruyere.*

BETWEEN two evils, choose neither; between two goods, choose both.—*Tryon Edwards.*

PEACE rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—*Collins.*

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

The apple trees are blooming,
There's laughter 'long the way,
Oh the gladness of May!

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN, New York and Washington socialite, will be the second woman envoy to a foreign country if she accepts the appointment of Minister to Norway.

LENA MADESEN PHILLIPS expresses disappointment that women are not participating more in statecraft. It is strange, that after the long struggle for suffrage, more women have not come in to high positions. Is it that men are too tenacious of their prerogatives or that after all women are too indifferent? One cabinet member, one minister in the foreign service, one federal judge, a director of the mint, one United States senator, two women governors; that is about all the major positions women have acquired during the seventeen years of suffrage.

MISS ELEANOR RATHBONE and the duchess of Athol, members of the British parliament, are urging a firmer stand by their government against the Italian attitude in Europe and Africa.

A PREMIUM on motherhood has been established by Boris, king of Bulgaria. He has granted suffrage to all married women over twenty-one who have borne children in lawful wedlock.

MRS. EVA MAESER CRANDALL of Utah, is the author of a poetic drama, "John Hafen," depicting the life episodes of this fine artist. The drama was presented at the Springville National Art Show.

QUEEN ELIZABETH has chosen her gown for the Coronation —ivory silk embroidered with gold worked into forms of Tudor roses, thistles, shamrocks, daffodils and lotus blooms, standing for England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and India. With her robe of royal purple and ermine, she will be a picture of elegance long to be remembered. The little princesses Elizabeth and Margaret will be permitted to wear the purple robe without the ermine.

MRS. LILLIE T. FREEZE, one of Utah's choicest and gifted mothers, died last March. Known as a writer, a missionary among children, a singer of beautiful songs, her spiritual influence brought solace to her legion of friends.

BERTITA HARDING in her latest book, "Golden Fleece," reviews the lives of Franz Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria. This young biographer of the Hapsburgs first won favor with the public through her book, "Phantom Crown," the thrilling story of the ill-fated Maximilian and Carlotta and their Mexican adventure.

CAROLYN WELLS' new novel, "The Mystery of the Tarn," is said by the critics to be as well mixed up a concoction as any Miss Wells has brewed.

GRACE CANDLAND JACOBSEN of Mount Pleasant, Utah, is represented by a poem and brief biography in "American Voices," a new anthology.

A Shrine to Will Rogers

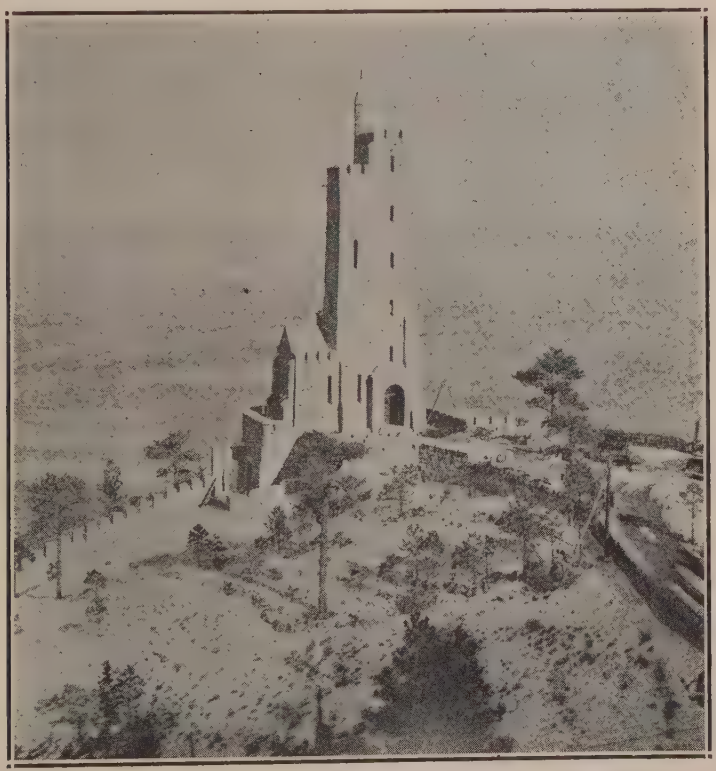
A LITTLE chapel is to be a part of the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun which is nearing completion on a promontory of famous Cheyenne mountain above Broadmoor hotel, just south of Colorado Springs, Colorado. The Will Rogers chapel and shrine will be everlasting as the mountains and as steadfast as the sun.

This beautiful silver shaft stands out—like the man it honors. Its base is imbedded in the backbone of the nation, on the front range of the Rocky Mountains. Its spire kisses the Colorado sky. It is away from the busy world; it affords peace and quiet; it is almost part of God's great mountains; it commands meditation; it is dignified and picturesque, seemingly a link between the early imprints of the famous humorist, and his celestial home.

The granite tower, resembling a feudal castle, was conceived and entirely financed by Spencer Penrose, Colorado Springs pioneer and friend of Mr. Rogers. It was designed by Charles E. Thomas and built by Milton J. Strong.

The spire is a genuine castle in the air, reached by the "ladder-to-the-sky" Broadmoor-Cheyenne highway which zig-zags up the face of Cheyenne mountain. It contains only materials that will endure. There are no nails and no wood in the construction. More than 5,000 cubic yards of light pink granite was taken from a large single boulder near the memorial, to make the tower walls.

By night the shrine will be flood-



WILL ROGERS' SHRINE OF THE SUN

lighted as a sparkling gem studded against the velvet of night. From the pinnacle will burn a sodium light with provision for it to shine perpertually. There are four rooms in tier inside the shrine, connected by a spiral stairs leading to an observation alcove on the top. At the base of the 100-foot shaft will be the Will Rogers chapel, which will be open to all mankind.

Another of the rooms will be the Will Rogers Memorial room. Mr. Davidson, American sculptor who was a close friend of Mr. Rogers, is now completing an oversize bust of Mr. Rogers, in his Paris studio for the memorial room.

Randall Davy, noted Santa Fe artist, is painting the history of the West on the interior walls. The frescoes are arranged so that visitors may follow the history chronologically by ascending the stairs. Davey will probably do the religious paintings in the chapel before the memorial is dedicated next summer. Thousands have already visited the shrine, which has been under construction for 28 months.

Around the shrine is a five-acre sanctuary filled with native Colorado flowers and evergreens.

Mr. Rogers has stood on the knoll where the memorial has been built at the 9,000-foot elevation. Just two miles from the shrine is the base of Pike's Peak, the snow-capped mountain sighted in 1806 by Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike as he camped with his troops at Port Pueblo, 42 miles to the southeast. Pike and a handful of followers tried to scale the high peak, but they unsuspectingly ascended Cheyenne mountain, discovering their error when they rested on the promontory now marked by the Rogers shrine.

Pike told his exhausted troopers that the peak which took his name could never be scaled by man. Its rugged crown is raised above timberline to 14,109 feet. Pike was wrong, because Spencer Penrose, the same man who built the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun, built the famous cog railroad and the world's automobile highway to the summit of Pike's Peak.

The shrine was named "Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun" because it often is shut off from the world when tufts of white clouds float between it and the plains half a mile below. The sharp angles catch the sun's rays, especially in the late afternoon as the sun drops behind the lofty peak, which break the sunlight into spears of crimson which play upon the granite memorial and chapel.

Missionary Centennial

MRS. BERTHA A. KLEINMAN has written a pageant for the Great Britain Missionary Centennial. This will be presented in May following the Coronation in London and perhaps in Preston, England, where the Gospel was first introduced. Mrs. Kleinman has featured the Relief Society in this dramatization, even though it was not organized until five years after the ushering in of the Gospel in that land.

We print herewith some excerpts from Mrs. Kleinman's very fine work. President Grant has decided to go to this celebration, and Mrs. Vida Fox Clawson expects to take a large party from the mountain States to celebrate this wonderful event.

THE FIRST FOREIGN MISSION

GREAT BRITAIN 1837

To north, to south, to eastward and to west,
On crested wave, to earth's remotest isle,
Brave envoys bend their mission quest to launch
The Message of Salvation to the world.
At Truth's exalted lamp they light their flame,
The old, the young in sainted retinue—
Across the seas to Britain's fair domain
And thence to lave a waiting continent.
A ripened vineyard ready for the scythe,
For Israel's choicest blood is sprinkled there,
And in that whited harvest-tide to be
Whole nations shall be garnered in a day.

Resound ye hills, ye pinnacles and steeples,
God of our fathers, List the symphony,
Harken ye stars as Zion calls her peoples,
To lift their anthemed praises unto Thee!
In theme superb the Epic of Salvation
Entones its matchless text to all the world,
To those who live—to earth's remote creation,
To those who die the message is unfurled.
Centennial Dawn, O blessed dispensation
O Glorious Faith that lights the hearts of men,
Encrowned upon the Rock of Revelation
The Gospel fullness is restored again!

(As great tableau of the nations is shown, with pageantry moving aside as President Grant mounts among the nations and proclaims his matchless testimony.)

MISSION OF THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

Tableau:
The organization of the Relief Society, March 17, 1842. (With anthem adaptation of "Daughters of Zion," by ladies chorus.)

In ministry of holy charity,
To feed the widowed and the fatherless,
To carry solace to the desolate,
To ease the pangs of suffering and death—
Called he the women of the fold to serve
In delegated ranks of sisterhood.
Emancipated they to mission fields
None but a prophet could inauguarate;
Lo! Zion's daughters, chosen and elect,
Enfranchised first and foremost of the earth.

—Bertha A. Kleinman.

Relief Society Conference

April 2 and 3, 1937

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

THE Annual Conference of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was held in Salt Lake City, Friday and Saturday, April 2 and 3, 1937. President Louise Y. Robison was in charge. In addition to the Officers' Meeting and two General Sessions, there were five Departments held—the Secretaries', Magazine, Social Welfare, Work and Business, Choristers' and Organists'. The special features were the Reception for Mission and Stake Presidents and Officers, the Mission and Stake Presidents' Breakfast, and an Illustrated Lecture on Abraham Lincoln.

The attendance at all meetings was very gratifying and enthusiastic, including representatives from 117 Stakes and 9 Missions. The following was the response to the general roll call: Mission Presidents, 8; Mission Officers, 2; Stake Presidents, 95; Counselors, 126; Secretaries, 81; Board Members, 422; making a total attendance of 734.

The music for all sessions was especially good. The Relief Society Singing Mothers, under the capable leadership of Charlotte O. Sackett, were assisted by Professor Frank W. Asper at the organ, Alta B. Cassity at the piano, and William M. Hardiman with the violin. The soloists were, Margaret Summerhays, Margaret S. Hewlett. There were also the fine contributions of organ music by Adeline R. Ensign, and duets by Brother and Sister Stewart McMaster, and Richard Keddington and Dorothy Kimball.

The Reception for General, Mission and Stake Officers, held in the Hotel Utah, was a thoroughly delightful event, and offered an opportunity for Relief Society members from all parts to meet, make new acquaintances and renew old ones.

A special feature was the illustrated lecture on Abraham Lincoln by Dr. George W. Middleton. This was a most valuable climax to the study in Literature of the life of a great National hero.

THE Presidents' Breakfast, held at the historic Lion House, was one of the very pleasant features of the Conference.

The Presidency and General Board gratefully acknowledge the beautiful flowers sent by the North Sevier Stake.

The ushers for the different meetings were kindly furnished by the following Stakes: Ensign, Highland, Liberty, Pioneer, Salt Lake and Wells.

OFFICERS' MEETING

Official Instructions

President Louise Y. Robison

THE General Board is offering a new service to you at this Conference. To relieve you from taking notes, we have prepared, and will send to your home address a synopsis of the program of each of the Department Meetings.

Division of Responsibility: There seems to be a misunderstanding about the responsibility of Counse-

lors in some of the Stakes and Wards. Only a short time ago we met two fine, intelligent Counselors who were discouraged because they knew nothing of the Stake President's plans for Relief Society work. In another Stake the division was made too well. The President and each of the Counselors had special work, but they never held meetings to discuss their plans which would enable them to coordinate the work.

Years ago we asked to have a division of responsibility. The Presidents—Stake and Ward—are to have supervision of the Teachers and all Welfare work. They may have an Aid or Welfare Worker, but the President should be consulted and help make plans for persons or families in need of assistance. Each Counselor—Stake and Ward—should be given a definite department of the work to supervise and develop. The Counselor best fitted for the educational work, either first or second counselor, should be given this department, while the other Counselor would have charge of the sewing and handwork department. The Presidency should meet together frequently, where plans should be freely discussed and suggestions made.

Relief Society Funds: Six months ago, we tried to emphasize the ruling that all money collected by Relief Society Visiting Teachers must be turned into the Charity Account, and used only for charity. We are sorry if this has worked a hardship on any Society, but we feel this to be the proper procedure, and in all kindness ask you to live strictly to this ruling. Reports have reached us that some of the Stakes use Annual Dues for purposes other than strengthening Relief Society in the Stake. Annual Dues must not be used to make donations for any other purpose, no matter how worthy the cause. It is not to be used in building or furnishing meeting houses, for contributions to Community Chests, War Veterans, nor for parties or gifts where only Stake Board members are benefited. It can legitimately be used in defraying expenses of Board Members in their official visits to Wards, in attending Relief Society General Conference, in entertaining Ward Officers and Ward Workers when such gatherings are necessary for giving instructions and stimulating interest in Relief Society work. Where there is a surplus it can be used in helping the weaker Wards carry their responsibility. It may interest you to know that not one cent of the Annual Dues, which you send to us, is spent in entertainment or gifts of any kind. It is used entirely for traveling expenses of General Board Members, in visiting Stakes and Missions, and for the literature and correspondence to the Stakes and Missions. If you have revenue from Stake parties, pageants or bazaars, that money may be used for any purpose you choose, but Annual Dues are for one purpose only—building up Relief Society.

Transients: A heavy burden is placed on our people in California by residents of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and other States, who, without sufficient money, go to California expecting to find employment. California Stakes have their own to care for, and it is unjust to add to the load they are already carrying.

California is a beautiful place in which to live when we have the means to pay for the sunshine, but I imagine that even the sunshine did not bring great joy to a young couple who had not eaten for two or three days, and who made their wants known on the day their rent was due. Counties, outside the one in

which we have legal residence, are not responsible for our needs. Will you sisters impress upon the people of your communities to be quite sure there is employment in other places before leaving the County in which they reside.

MANY people from our community have moved to California and have established homes. Some of them have not affiliated with the Church, and it is difficult for the Stake and Ward Officers to locate them. If you know of any such person will you send word to the Stake President or the Bishop of the Ward, who will be happy to contact the individual. A very splendid service is offered by Brother Homer Durham, of Los Angeles, who invites all Church members to visit the Deseret Club and become acquainted with local groups.

Lessons: As you will be told in your *Relief Society Magazine* section this afternoon, the lessons for the next year will begin in the July number. This is to allow you sisters who want to begin your work in September to do so. It is agreeable with the General Board to have you begin in September and continue through until May, rather than to begin in October and close in June. We do ask, however, that the whole Stake has a uniform time of beginning and closing.

Reports Received: We want to compliment you splendid women on the reports you have sent in. Just a short time ago the Work and Business Department wanted a questionnaire to go to all the Stakes to find out what your plans were for the Work and Business Meetings. I said to the Committee, "We will send it out, but it is not possible for them to get the report in time." It is amazing how many have come in. When we sent out the material on Child Character Education the response was most gratifying. Dr. Cushing came to the office to express her appreciation for your fine work. At the Brigham Young University Leadership Week, Mrs. Hayes, a National Officer of Parent Teachers, said they never had such a response, they did not believe it was possible. Miss Scorup came from the Capitol to thank the Relief Society. We are thanking you, because it was you who did the work. It was very fine.

Financial Report Given At Ward Conferences: In some of the Ward Conferences it is customary to report the financial condition of Relief Society. We feel that this is not the best thing to do. We do not want to hide any report. The Bishop and the Ward Clerk have access to our reports, but there are some people who feel if we have forty or fifty dollars in the treasury, we should give more generously in the Ward. Others may feel there is no need to make contributions. We think it is better not to report the amount on hand. The number of persons assisted may be reported, but of course using no names.

Visiting Teachers: Reports indicate that the Visiting Teachers are doing better work. This is because of the help that is given in the Wards and Stakes. We would like to call your attention, however, to a report that in some of the Stakes the Visiting Teachers make their visits on Sunday. We much rather this would not be done. Sunday is a home day, and while more people may be in on that day, it breaks into the Sabbath. That is a family day, and it would be better not to have Visiting Teachers call on Sunday unless there is something very unusual, such as a message from the Bishop or Relief Society President.

Employment Bureau: We have

at Headquarters of Relief Society a very fine Employment Bureau. Many girls, coming in from the country for employment, possibly because of limited funds, will stay at dangerous rooming houses overnight, and try to find employment the next day. If these girls would write to Sister Amy W. Evans, at General Board of Relief Society Headquarters, and tell her what their qualifications are, and what they would like to do, then let Sister Evans write to them and tell them when they can come in, it would save a great deal of expense, and more important than the expense, it would save many heartaches. These girls are usually fine, clean girls, but they are away from home and loved ones, and they sometimes do things for a little fling that they would not think of doing in their own homes. It is very seldom a girl can go out for a fling without heartaches after. If these girls would get in touch with Sister Evans we could find them lodging in a good place while arrangement is being made for work.

May Day Health Program: We have been called as a group to work with the May Day Health Program for Children. The programs are to be under the direction of the Parent Teachers. Most of our Relief Society women belong to Parent Teachers' organizations, but we are asking that all Relief Societies cooperate in this excellent movement. You will not be asked to supply funds, but anything you can do to encourage and cooperate in this splendid work will be appreciated.

Relief Society Assistance In Church Security: For years the Relief Society has sewn, made quilts, clothing, and layettes for those who have needed these articles and did not know how to sew. We are going to change this method and assist the sisters in doing the work themselves.

In one of our Wards in Salt Lake, at the Work and Business Meeting, all of our fine Relief Society women were sewing on a layette, and the young mother—a young, able-bodied, strong, intelligent woman sat and held her hands, and her mother sat there and held her hands, and the Relief Society sewed. Going back in the history, we find the Relief Society sewed for the mother when her children were little, and if it goes on this way the Relief Society will be sewing for the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We do not want to be hard. If there are mothers who are ill, or who go out to work, and have a hard time keeping up their work, of course we shall be happy to help them. There is not anything that will bring a person out of despair and some of the women have all the excuse in the world for being in despair, as quickly and as thoroughly as to create some beautiful, useful article. If the mothers will learn to make dresses for their children it will bring delight and happiness to them, and they will have the desire to do more.

WE are asking in each Ward of the Church, if you have a drive for used clothes, take out a few pieces that you know would be suitable for making over for these individual families. There will be much more of an incentive for the women to take care of clothes if they make them themselves, rather than having handed to them anything that happens to be on hand.

This is not in conflict at all with the Church Security. The Church Security have their big splendid program, in which we are all united. For the past year we all gave every bit of help we could, and many of the women worked beyond their strength. As a result many of our

Ward Presidents are resigning, saying they cannot carry the load as they did last year. When anything new is begun, it takes effort, and we were happy to give the service. We want to continue doing anything the Church Security want us to do, but we hope it will not be necessary to sew day after day and send that sewing into storehouses, unless there is some special need. Our call now is to see that every woman who is able and strong enough to knit, to sew, or to use her hands in any useful way, be taught how to do something. This will give more encouragement to them than all the work others could do for them. We have said for years we want to administer to the strength, and not the weakness, of our people, and it is administering to their weakness to do anything for them that they can do for themselves. That is "Mormon" doctrine, and has been ever since the Church was organized. In canning fruit, instead of us going to the meeting house, or our Relief Society room, and putting up fruit for our sisters' use, it would be better to have someone teach women to put up the fruit for their own needs. See, too, that those who need the fruit are supplied with bottles and sugar at the time the fruit is ready. The pride of having a dozen jars of peaches that she has put up herself will be a great stimulant to any woman. We want to lift our women up. They have had a hard time, and it is our pleasure to help them get the joy that comes through meeting their own problems.

I pray that our Father in Heaven will bless you that you can interpret the needs of the people; that you can see where you can help in such a way that will add to the strength of those whom you serve. When the census is taken we want to have our people make a better report than the people in the world, because we have had inspired leaders, who, for years, have been helping us.

Annual Report

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

IT GIVES me great pleasure to give to you a very brief report of the Relief Society. This statement, as it is now presented, is a complete statement of the totals, as we have included the Stake Boards this year in our Statement of Receipts. This may seem, on the face of it, to change the report slightly, but you sisters will understand it when the details are given in the public statement. This represents the Missions, Stakes and Wards of the Relief Society: Total Balance on Hand January 1, 1936, $188,256.30; Total Receipts during 1936, $296,295.63; Total Balance on Hand and Receipts, $484,551.93; Paid for Charitable Purposes, $66,189.48; Total Disbursements, $280,916.50; Total Balance, December 31, 1936, $203,635.43; Total Assets, $1,003,820.70; Ward Conferences Held, 1,427; Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers, 986,687; Number of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound, 215,260. Membership in 1935, 72,093; in 1936, 73,062; an increase of 969. The Membership includes: Executive and Special Officers, 15,236; Visiting Teachers, 24,602; Other Members, 32,255. Average attendance in 1935, 32,335; 1936, 31,784; a decrease of 551. Paid for Charitable Purposes in 1935, $66,863.86; in 1936, $66,189.48, a decrease of $674.38.

Counselor Kate M. Barker

FOR some time the General Board has felt the need for some outlet for the handwork of our Relief Society women. They have looked forward to the time which seemed opportune for beginning this project.

In our Church we have so many expert needlewomen. We felt that if the General Board could start a Woman's Exchange in Salt Lake City, where we might contact the tourists and sell this handwork, it might be a very great help to our people. It would give the mothers in the home an opportunity in their spare time for creating something beautiful, and also help to increase the family income.

As Sister Robison has said, our Presiding Bishopric and General Authorities have been very much interested and very kind. They have given us the large room upstairs in the Bureau of Information. We are delighted with this because it is on the Temple Block, where every tourist who comes to Salt Lake goes. We hope to have things in readiness for this season's tourist trade. We have drawn up the following rules in regard to this.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

1. Name—The organization shall be known as:

MORMON HANDICRAFT

Sponsored by L. D. S. Woman's Relief Society

2. A non-profit organization for the outlet of Handwork.
3. Membership — there may two types of membership:
   a. Stake Board or Ward Membership, when the proceeds go to the Stake Board or Ward organization. The price of membership is $1.00 per year.
   b. Individual Membership. The price of membership is 50c per year.
4. Twenty-five percent of the price of the article will be taken for overhead. This percent to be taken when the article is sold.
5. The Stake Work and Business Supervisor, with the Ward Work and Business Supervisors will constitute the Stake Committee to contact the women and pass upon the work to be sent in to assure the work to be of the highest standard of excellence.
6. Application for Membership must be made through the local Committee. This year this committee will seek out and invite expert needle women to participate.
7. When an article is sent in, the person contributing will give the cost of material used and what she considers a fair price for the article.
8. A Committee of the General Board, or ones chosen by the Board, will be the final judges of the articles to be featured. This Committee will also assume the responsibility of equalizing prices.
9. A Paid worker will have charge of the shop.
10. The General Board does not guarantee to sell articles submitted. The obligation they assume is proper care of the articles after they are received, insurance against fire and theft, exhibiting, trying to sell, and if not sold within a reasonable time to return the article to the owner.
11. We advise the insuring of all articles by the sender when mailing.

The Spiritual Side of Music

Janet M. Thompson

THERE is so much of beauty and inspiration in music let us provide a richer field for it to live in—a field where it can more fully develop the spiritual life—where it can more harmoniously speak to us—where it can more consistently help us.

The importance of music in its application to the Relief Society program is deserving of thoughtful consideration. Music in any service should be the best circumstances will permit. In the process of elevating this art to higher levels certain standards should be observed.

Various elements enter into the treatment of music which either build or unbuild the spirit of it. Definite and essential elements involved in our building program are:

1. The quality and character of music.
2. The ability and responsibility of the performer.
3. The attitude and cooperation of the congregation.

The quality and character of music is a most vital element. There may be the finest of quality in what we choose to use but is it appropriate in character? Relief Society standards prescribe that music shall be appropriate for all occasions—that it shall be good music.

Let us make our music two-fold in purpose—aim to touch the hearts and lives of our people—maintain the very highest ideals of music. Let us dignify it—make it worthy and effective, remembering always that nothing is perfect enough for the worship of God.

The ability and responsibility of the performer involves another element. The charm of one who performs lies in her ability to select proper music—to render it in such a way that it can be interpreted and felt by the audience. Experience has proved that when either a voluntary or a song is selected at the moment it is to be used neither the composition nor the playing or singing of it is worthy of its true purpose.

Our women have demonstrated that their ability to stimulate others to greater appreciation of music does not lie in some rare accomplishment, but rather in humble, sincere and earnest endeavor. It is genuine acknowledgement of responsibility and vision of possibilities that prepares one for intelligent performance of her duty.

The attitude and cooperation of the congregation is another important element. Our songs, which for the most part are expressions of prayer, praise and thanksgiving, have been penned by men and women of superior faith and courage. Many of them have been written after great thought and sacrifice has been made.

How often are these lovely songs just mechanically and passively sung? Do we respond to the spirit of the song when no emotion is stirred? Do we have full understanding of its meaning and significance—do we sing thinkingly—do we convey the message intended?

If hymns speak to us of faith, let us express that faith in song. If they utter words of doctrine let us teach that doctrine through song. If they offer words of comfort and solace let us impart that message in song.

Let us strive to improve the quality, the character and effectiveness of music. There is a great field for musical service—let us work for spiritual excellence in that field.

Libraries

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

OF making many books there is no end," we read in Ecclesiastes. The collection of books, the author of which is the Human Race, is so vast that we do not know just how or when it started. We know we shall never see the end of it. It is one of the eternal verities of life, linking together the *past,* the *present,* and the *future.* All we know of the greatness of the past is revealed mainly through the libraries.

One of the most important events in the history of the world was the invention of printing by means of movable type. The honor for this immense service to humanity goes to Johann Gutenberg of Mainz, Germany, who was born about 1400. For many centuries the art of reading and writing was a patrician one, enjoyed only by the *Select few.* To prepare books was an extremely expensive and laborious process.

So printing was the greatest tool ever forged to aid the march of human progress toward the goal of complete social living. This invention was sanctified by use for the spiritual as well as the material welfare of mankind. Aristotle says, "All men by nature are actuated with the desire for knowledge." This *desire* is undoubtedly the incentive which has led the great nations of the world to collect extensive libraries, of which they should be extremely proud, provided their people use them.

While the idea of libraries is as old as civilization, the *free, public library* is strictly modern. The idea followed public schools. *Access* to schools was free. Why not *access* to books? In half a century the free public library has emerged from nothingness, into an entirely accepted indispensable national institution.

The Relief Society has always kept in step with the march of progress. Its members have been lovers of books. The idea of libraries in Wards and Stakes is not of recent origin.

The slogan adopted some time ago has borne rich fruit. "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost," has resulted not merely in the collection of books to be placed somewhere and kept, but made a part of Relief Society activity, used, studied, digested.

Of all the privileges we enjoy in this century of opportunity, there is none for which we ought to be more grateful than for the easy access to books. The usual method of our Heavenly Father in passing knowledge along is to endow His children with intelligence to search for it. One of our problems today in the multiplicity of books available, is, what books to read and how to read them. Here Relief Society can render a real service in literary guidance. Sociologists tell us that libraries are our cultural reservoirs. It is possible for us to have one such cultural reservoir in every Stake and Ward setup.

It is not the great number of volumes nor the fine bindings, but the kind of books and the use to which they are put, that really counts.

Much depends upon the librarian. She must have real enthusiasm for her calling. The good teacher does not teach subjects; she teaches her pupils. So the good librarian is not the mere custodian of the books. She is interested in women, and the guidance she can offer them, in awakening their minds, and stimulating their interest. The National Library As-

sociation does not hesitate to give the major portion of credit for the phenomenal success of its work, to efficient librarians.

We can all do our bit in building libraries, by bringing to the center the books and periodicals that have been useful to us and encouraging our Sisters to raise the whole level of existence by coming to know life, through the minds of the great souls of earth. To find something in the spirit of the times with which one can be in harmony, is to be happy.

Carlyle has wisely said that a collection of books is a real University. As we progress in our courses of study, we can create in all our organizations "a real University," a guide to youth, an entertainment for age, a source of real power to us all.

DEPARTMENT MEETINGS

Magazine Department

Mary C. Kimball, Chairman

WE deeply appreciate the earnest, efficient work of our Magazine Agents and the loyal support of our officers and teachers. We are grateful to our many subscribers for their support also.

Last season was our banner year, when we had a subscription list of 41,500. We heartily thank those who have made such a high list possible.

This year we have a pamphlet of printed instructions. We hope our Agents and Officers will carefully read and reread them until the details are in their minds. This will result in fewer misunderstandings and fewer mistakes.

We urge most strongly that records of all transactions relating to the Magazine be kept in each Ward and that the Stake Magazine Agent shall know the condition of each Ward in her Stake. Each Agent should be careful and accurate in sending in orders. The Magazine loses a great deal each year because many Agents fail to give the towns where the subscribers live and tell when the subscription should begin.

Wise Agents will seek renewals before old subscriptions expire and will be on the alert during the entire year to get as many subscriptions as possible. The time of the Drive will not then be strenuous, but will be a closing up of the year's work, getting as many subscriptions as possible, and sending in the reports.

Devices to increase the subscription list where necessary and where deemed advisable should be thought out early and worked to a successful issue. Each year Magazine gift subscriptions are increasing, and the last two or three years several have sent in money that subscriptions might go into the mission field.

We hope all who reached over 75% last year will go still higher and that those who did not reach this mark will attain it this season.

May 1937 far surpass 1936 in subscriptions received!

Salesmanship

By John D. Spencer

THE profession of Salesmanship embraces all of the other professions known in the field of endeavor. Outside of the field of salesmanship we are at a loss to know of a single occupation or activity or mode of

living that is not encompassed by the title of "Salesmanship". One selects the doctor, lawyer, or minister because of the qualities of salesmanship which he possesses.

The steps in acquiring this are: first, the Objective. We resolve to be someone in particular, someone out of the commonplace, out of the ordinary, so that people see in us something just a little above the mediocre, and *that* is a very fine objective.

Second, the Slogan—"Do now, no matter how difficult, that which is right." Be discontented, not with what you have, but with what you are.

Third, the Challenge. This is rather an uncomfortable challenge to confront one with—"Am I the kind of salesman that I would buy the Relief Society Magazine from, and if not, why not?" We have before the class what we call a mirror chart, which indicates the negative and positive qualities that go to make a personality, and the students are asked to face that chart every day.

Fourth, Definition. Salesmanship is the combination of qualities, both natural and acquired, in man which enables him, acting for himself or as an agent, to negotiate the transfer of something of value for a consideration, on the basis that all parties to the transaction must be benefited. I rather like the Golden Rule element that there is a limitation on all forms of selling. There are certain processes, and we urge upon you the preparation of all these processes on the theory that this whole selling process is no stronger than its weakest link—appearance, your approach, the arrangement of your sales talk, the knowledge of your article, and a fine warning, this is my own message, knowledge of your article. Know all about it and vindicate the charge you make for it by the things you know about it. Loyalty to your article, and that in its broadest scope, is your challenge. You owe something to the institution promoting this fine thing. As you make your talk listen and ask yourself, "Would this talk convert me to the purchase of this Magazine, and if not, why not?"

There is treatment of competition, tactfulness, presentation, and get away.

We have established in our class an Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not be grouchy." I beg of you to weigh that and analyze it, and you will find it vindicated 365 days of the year.

Good morning is our greeting. Make every morning a good morning. You are not properly dressed until you put on a smile. Was everyone happy when you left home this morning, and if not, were you the cause of the unhappiness? Remember self-complacency kills growth. It is very much easier for a fine salesman to sell shady goods, than for a shady salesman to sell fine goods.

It is said, and there is no guess work about the fact, 70% of the failures to sell are caused by negative personality, and the fault lies wholly within ourselves. Try to put your finger on the thing you could have said. Try to put yourself before the mirror, or the search light, and say "Something was wrong with this sale. It was not my approach, there is nothing wrong with that, but there is something about me, what is it?" Do you ever stand aside and watch yourselves go by? Do you ever wonder what vibration people got when you said "Good Morning!" or the manner in which you shook hands, or the quality or naturalness of your smile? There is nothing in salesmanship that can be neglected.

The Benefit of the Magazine in our Stake

Josephine Hanks, Union Stake Relief Society President

NO doubt all of you here present have, at some time, seen a canal with its network of arteries running out in every direction, carrying the life-giving water to the plants and vegetation in the farms and gardens.

We can liken our Relief Society Magazine to just such a project. It, too, has a fountain head, and a network of arteries through which it is carried into thousands of homes, and through it comes the spiritual water of life, that which Jesus spoke of at the time He met the woman of Samaria at the well, and asked her for a drink.

In Oregon, the rolling hills as well as the lowlands are farmed, and on these far-away farms we have a number of Latter-day Saint families, and the only source of contact these mothers have with the Society, is through the Relief Society Magazine, and when the rare opportunity comes, perhaps once or twice a year, when they can attend meetings, they do not come as strangers, but they are able to take an active part in the lesson discussion, and can talk on the many splendid things that are being accomplished by the Relief Society at home and abroad.

Our Agents have been successful in placing the Magazine in a number of non-L. D. S. homes. Through the faithful efforts of some of our Relief Society sisters, five of the mothers have been converted, and are now active members in the Church.

In one of our Wards during the height of our so-called Depression, there were five men out of eighty-two families who had permanent work. The mothers sensed this condition, and they knew if they subscribed to the Magazine for the coming year, and paid their Annual Dues, it was up to them to do something about it. They got busy and put on two splendid entertainments for which they charged a small fee. They had them advertised in the other Wards, and invited their outside friends, and the results were very gratifying indeed. Next they made four beautiful quilts, and one of the mothers having a daughter living in Los Angeles, they disposed of these through her, and realized fifteen or twenty dollars apiece. After they had taken out enough for their Annual Dues and forty-five dollars for Magazine subscriptions, they had a sum left. This splendid piece of work was accomplished through united effort, determination and plenty of hard work.

Social Welfare Department

Amy W. Evans, Chairman

THE Quest For Security" offered a most stimulating general theme for this department. President Louise Y. Robison, who is a member of the Utah State Board of Public Welfare, spoke upon "Public Social Security". Mayola Rogers of the Relief Society General Welfare Department discussed "Security and Case Work for The Aged". Harold B. Lee, Chairman of the General Committee, completed the well-rounded program with a very interesting address on "Objectives of the Church Security Plan".

Of all the fears that trouble humanity perhaps the fear of poverty is the most prevalent.

Fortunately for us poverty and happiness are not incompatible; however, we associate closely poverty and misery. We have a great urge for economic security.

This has been keenly realized during the past few years as so many have been denied the assurance of work sufficient to supply the bare necessities for existence.

In order to provide safeguards against the major misfortunes of life, our Federal Government approved the Social Security Act on August 14, 1935.

This Act provides for the following security measures: Unemployment Compensation, Old-Age Assistance and Old-Age Benefits, Security for Children, Aid to the Blind, Extension of Public Health Service, and Vocational Rehabilitation. The States accepting the provisions of this Act must meet the standards of the Federal Government before obtaining Federal funds.

A brief explanation of this act may be obtained from your State Welfare Board or from the Social Security Board, Washington, D. C., Information Service, Circular No. 1.

Much has been said about financial aid to the aged, but in order to assure a greater degree of happiness for our aged friends we must realize that more must be provided than the bare physical necessities of shelter, food and clothing. More often than not, the aged person needs special medical treatment which, in turn, should be adequately interpreted by one who understands the implications of the deteriorative diseases. The aged person needs to be relieved of worries and fears which seem so simple to us and yet which loom so large in his life. Another great need of most old people is to have someone who can build them up in spirit by listening with genuine interest to recitals of past experiences. Many old people need someone who can restore their faith in youth so they will not feel as if they have been cast aside like "an old shoe". In other words old people need services which go beyond merely handing them a check every month—they need social service.

Security for its members, both spiritual and temporal, has been one of the objectives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from its organization.

In order that individuals may gain economic security through their own efforts, and thus preserve their self-respect and independence, it has been the policy of the Church to start industries, to encourage the development of land for farming and grazing, the raising of farm products and the use of the natural resources of the country. The building of homes, places of recreation and of worship has been a great activity of the Church which has furnished much employment.

To meet the present situation of unemployment, the program of the Church is to intensify all these activities and also to create new resources for employment so that the members will still have the opportunity to obtain security through their own work.

The Work and Business Department

Lalene H. Hart, Chairman

PLANNING of 1937-38" was the subject presented by Nettie D. Bradford. The survey of the fine work accomplished was Church-wide in its scope and covered first—A Stake Program for Work and Busi-

ness for 1936-37, and second—a Statement of what had been the most successful plan during the season. Many fine quotations from the reports were included, as suggestions for future plans.

Lalene H. Hart presented an outline for a "Project For Every Relief Society Woman". The purpose of this is "to help women to understand and to evaluate their own work and their problems".

Vivian R. McConkie gave "Work and Business", first—As a Work Day, second—As a Social Day. Leda T. Jensen gave "Better Buymanship".

Many constructive suggestions were advanced by the Sisters in their able discussions. Details of these will appear in the Magazine later.

Choristers' and Organists' Department

Janet M. Thompson, Chairman

GREAT numbers of eager choristers and organists met in the auditorium of the Bishops' Building Friday, April 2, to participate in department exercises. A program had been carefully prepared by the Music Committee, so that the problems which beset the choristers and organists might be discussed and helpful suggestions offered. Most of the stakes were represented and the attendance was very gratifying. "Vitalizing Relief Society Music" was the theme of the meeting. Professor Frank W. Asper spoke to the subject from the "Viewpoint of the Organist". His contribution to the success of the meeting was manifested by the interest given his suggestions, and the many questions that were asked were given answers that gave them information and confidence. Excerpts of this informational talk will appear later in the Magazine. Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett gave to the group many helpful suggestions on proper breathing, tone production, rhythm, etc. Also songs for the year's work were presented, rehearsed, and helpful hints given for the perfecting of these beautiful chorals.

The interest manifested, and the large attendance of these faithful choristers and organists are indications that music will rightfully take its place in the educational scheme of Relief Society work. We hail this awakening!

The songs selected for study during the year are the following:

"How Lovely are Thy Dwellings, O Lord."
"Inflammatus." (Chorus only)
"How Lovely Are Thy Messengers."
"Crossing the Bar."
"Holy Redeemer."
"23rd Psalm." (The Lord Is My Shepherd)

Helpful Suggestions to Choristers and Organists

Always approach your work with a prayerful heart.

Try to understand your relationship to the Relief Society meeting as a whole.

Choristers and organists must be enthusiastic and carefully prepare their work for the month, if they expect the Wards to make the music a living, vital thing.

The Ward Choristers and Organists should be conversant with the lesson work so that appropriate hymns and other songs will be chosen.

The music prepares the setting for the meeting.

The words of the hymns should be understood so that their spiritual meaning may impress every heart. This, in great measure, depends upon the chorister. She must be the magnet to draw from her singers the outpourings of the Spirit. The enjoyment she feels in Song will be contagious.

Your job is an important one, not a small one.

Be on time to play appropriate prelude music which has been selected and *prepared* beforehand.

Exert every effort to make the music as effective as the other fine educational features.

Increase your capabilities by constant study and practice. Always have an ideal in view.

A chorister should cultivate patience, consideration for human faults, a sense of humor, adaptability to unpleasant occurrences. Real leadership is manifested in the splendid results of her work.

It is not necessary to have a song practice in Union Meetings. This should be done in the music section.

Help to elevate the standard of the music in your Ward and Stake.

"It is our duty and privilege to honor God by bringing to Him only what is best." Our songs should be in very deed "prayers unto the Lord."

The chorister works with the most wonderful musical instrument of all —the human voice. The opportunities of the one working with this instrument are unlimited.

The Secretaries' Department

Julia A. F. Lund, Chairman

THE Secretaries' Department was very interesting. The Value of Records and the importance of accuracy in keeping these was stressed by President Wilford A. Beesley in a most scholarly address which was the basis for an animated discussion in which all participated.

RECORD BOOKS. 1937 is the last year for the use of the present Stake and Ward Record Books. Before compiling the new edition, the office is very anxious to have the Secretaries of Relief Society submit their suggestions, which will be given consideration. This should be done just as soon as possible, as the compilation of the new Record Books is to begin at once, and we are anxious to have the reaction of the sisters who use them.

The services of an expert Accountant were secured to give advice in the matter. The gentleman in question is a Certified Public Accountant, also a Stake President. This rare combination afforded advice in the most modern and efficient methods of accounting together with an intimate knowledge of the Church set-up and standards.

HISTORY AND MINUTES. The attention of the Secretaries is called especially to the history for which space is provided in the Record Book. It is understood that the Secretary of the Relief Society is also its historian. In this part should be given a record of what the organization has accomplished, and the place it has held in community influences and activities; also the record of outstanding personalities, or of events in which Relief Society has participated that have been of special significance to the organization. It is a wonderful page for future reference.

The Minutes are a record of executive action and the regular routine

of Relief Society programmed work and its accomplishment. It is hoped that the Secretaries will have these up to date and completed before starting on the new book.

ANNUAL REPORT. Particular attention was given to the auditing of the Annual Reports and the correcting of the balances. It is not possible for this office to go into every Ward. This is the fine service that is asked of the Stake Secretaries. They know their own Wards and can find the errors which throw the Stake reports out of balance. It is hoped the Stake Secretaries will be able to do this as a preparation for a correct report for the next year.

First General Session

THE LORD'S DAY

By Jennie B. Knight

"For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting and His truth endureth to all generations."

LEST we forget, during this period of our conference we are to consider the Sabbath or the Lord's day. What has He said concerning it? According to the Bible the first Sabbath was established by God Himself; celebrating the creation.—Genesis 20:58.

"The heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them * * and He rested on the seventh day from all His work, and God blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it."

The Ten Commandments written by the hand of God on Sinai reveal His deep interest in the spiritual and physical welfare and happiness of His children. (See Exodus 20.) That the Israelites might be impressed with the sanctity of the Sabbath, during their travels in the wilderness, God sent no manna on that day but they were commanded to gather twice as much on the sixth as on any other day.

Down through the corridors of time we find the prophets, Isaiah, Nehemiah, Ezekiel and others declaring the word of God in explicit instructions regarding His holy day.

Through Ezekiel He made a covenant saying, "Hallow my Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that they may know that I am the Lord your God."

Jesus honored the Sabbath day and proclaimed himself Lord of the Sabbath, emphasizing its blessedness when he proclaimed that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

That Sabbath observance and partaking of the Lord's supper on that day was a custom of the Christian churches, is attested by the Apostles Mark, Luke, John and Paul.

The benedictions of a sacred Sabbath were not withheld from the people of Book of Mormon days, that these benedictions are vouchsafed to all who obey the commandments of God is reiterated by Joseph Smith.—Doctrine and Covenants, Section 59.

"Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. That thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer, and offer up thy sacraments upon My holy day. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High.

"Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all

days and at all times, but remember that on this the Lord's day thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High confessing thy sins.

"And on this day thou shalt do none other thing only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or in other words, that thy joy may be full. And inasmuch as ye do these things with cheerful hearts and countenances the fullness of the earth is yours."

That we may know thy truth, that endureth to all generations, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

PHYSICAL VALUE OF A DAY OF REST

By Beatrice F. Stevens

THE Sabbath day was instituted much earlier than the time of Moses at Mount Sinai, but evidently the Israelites at that time needed to be forcefully reminded of this commandment. In our day there is serious need for bringing to mind the significance of this day, a need to remember blessings derived from its proper observance. While it brings definite obligations, it was never intended that the Lord's day be made burdensome, but rather to add joy and happiness to our lives. Immeasurable good comes from making it truly a day of worship and rest, and not the least of the benefits derived, are physical.

All diligent members of our Church know that for them the Sabbath is not a day of rest in the sense of idleness, one with no responsibilities. Yet it should be and is for relaxation. There are many ways to receive physical refreshment. When the Lord asked that one-seventh of all time be set apart for rest and worship, He knew the needs of those ancient people, and foresaw what would be best for us today. He has given us much to help safeguard physical health in this age of speed and distracting conditions —our Word of Wisdom and our Day of Rest.

There is nothing of greater importance to us as mothers than keeping in good health—so much of the well-being of those dearest to us depends upon that. To awaken on a Sabbath morning knowing it will be an exceptional, a very special day, the culmination of six days of wise planning, what a reassuring and restful experience. The relief from fatigue that comes from too constant performing of the same tasks, is most conducive to good health.

Rest is not only a great step toward the cure of disease but an important aid in its prevention, both mental and physical. Because the nature of physical man is to deteriorate, a resting time is necessary to recreate and preserve our capabilities.

There is much today that gives us concern as parents. Patience, sympathetic understanding and proper example will aid materially in solving our problems. Is it not of untold value for the father to have one day a week when he may draw closer to his family and enjoy the relaxation that comes from a more intimate and friendly contact?

Being in church in the atmosphere of worship, brings peace. There, I for one, may find freedom from cares that weary and disturb my peace of mind. It is a good place to check on the past week's activities and discover mistakes, thereby gain-

ing strength and wisdom that may help toward improvement.

Jesus said the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. The important thing is to use it wisely in order to receive the greatest blessings.

To be the people the Lord would have us be, "a light set upon a hill," depends upon individual members of the Church. It should be the aim of each to perfect himself, spiritually, mentally and physically. What a wonderful opportunity the Sabbath day offers for these objectives! If we are attuned to the spirit of the day, we will "think the most, feel the noblest and act the best."

EXAMPLE OF PARENTS, AS RELATED TO THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH DAY

By Vivian R. McConkie

IT is written: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This is a challenge to the women of the Church, and they ought to respond according to Church standards, among which standards Sabbath Day observance is of major importance. "Training" implies conduct control, and not merely teaching moral codes. Parents who do not teach religion by *example* as well as by precept, and who do not train by restraints, when necessary, build foundations on the sand, and winds of skepticism may entice their children from truth. Faith and understanding must be developed, if the child knows that there is a God who rewards for well doing and who punishes for transgression. Without a knowledge of the gospel there is no security, and if parents fail to teach and to train their children in the Church, the sin will "be upon the heads of the parents," but the parents' suffering will not save the children.

Divergent opinions prevail as to precepts because of lack of scriptural understanding. Private interpretations stimulate false standards and invite senseless yieldings to unsound philosophies. Mothers ought to restrain and to direct during maturity of reasoning faculties. Habitual repetition makes acts agreeable, and it is shameful to permit destructive repetitions in children of tender years, without restraint. Intelligent direction of desires is surely as important as going to school on time, yet we unhesitatingly require that. With relation to the Sabbath, parents should first know what ought to be done on that day, and then should adjust their ideals to conform to Church standards, rather than to shape Church standards to their ideals. If parents would study the scriptures more and more confusion as to standards would grow less and less.

Objective study is a high form of learning. It will help one to establish purposive co-ordinated activity between mind and body Understand the nature of your children and know your own ideals are patterned after the divine will, then study the means of their achievement. Never relax your efforts until mental development makes safe election possible. Control the child's acts and direct his thoughts and ambitions until he acquires self direction and judgment. When his reasoning powers mature he will see the wisdom of imposed restrictions. Watch their spiritual training and development as you do their daily diet, and habits of cleanliness and their mental and physical

progress. Your child will be happiest if you do not require him to decide whether he will obey the law. During the formative period the parents' standards and examples are the child's ideals. Therefore, the parent ought never to sin even though others are sinning, or to be little even though hedged in by little people, or to lower himself to match lower standards, or to do as Romans do (if evil) because he is in Rome. Elect the good. There is no middle ground. Hear Joshua: "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve, . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

SACRAMENT—PHYSICAL ASPECT

By Counselor Kate M. Barker

THE Lord, through the Prophet Haggai, rebuked His people for their neglect of the temple at Jerusalem. Because of their negligence they had lost the blessing of the Spirit of the Lord. But after the people had been stirred to a new loyalty and devotion, and the temple had been rebuilt, having the best they had to offer put into it, the Lord spoke again, saying: "I am with you." He knew that the care they took of the places of worship was indicative of the depth of their love of the Gospel.

In partaking of the Sacrament we have a glorious privilege of atuning our spirits with the Spirit of our Heavenly Father. Our spirits are sensitive to physical surroundings, and should not be disturbed by lack of care in the physical aspect of the Sacrament Service. I wonder if, as a Relief Society organization, we could not cooperate with our Bishops by taking the responsibility of having the Sacrament cloth freshly washed and ironed for every service! Our Father in Heaven expects us to profit by the light He has given us, and in this day we know about germs. We could help set the standard in our Wards that the Sacrament glasses be sterilized after each service, so that when we partake of the Sacrament we will not be wondering if the glasses are sanitary—that in passing the Sacrament to another we are all careful about our hands, gloves, coat sleeves, that we do not do anything which detracts our neighbor's mind from the sacredness of the ordinance.

We are the mothers of the boys who pass the Sacrament. So much of what the boy feels is of most importance depends upon what the parent feels is important. When our children graduate from school we, by our very attitude of pride, by our attendance, by our interest in their personal appearance, make them feel how proud we are, and the importance of the occasion. Can we not see what we are doing to our boys when we pay less attention when they are asked to pass the Sacrament? Let us go to Church with them, make them feel that we are so proud of the honor which has come to them. Let us impress upon them the sacredness of the Sacrament, that this is a very special occasion, that they must take particular care of their personal appearance, that hands and nails must be immaculate, that this is one of the greatest services they will ever have the opportunity to perform. Could we not have a white shirt for them, which we take care to have freshly laundered, and see that every boy has such a shirt?

THE COVENANTS OF THE DAY

By Leda T. Jensen

FROM the New Testament, the Book of Mormon, and the Doctrine and Covenants, we have definite and ample proof that our Savior, the Redeemer of mankind, made the partaking of the sacrament a vital and necessary part of the spiritual life of his followers in both the meridian of time and in this dispensation.

The sacred covenant with its attendant blessing which we repeat as we consecrate the emblems of the broken body and the spilt blood of the Lord has been revealed to the Latter-day Saints so that we have the exact words of the covenant recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants. As a witness to this sacred scripture, we have the same blessings of consecration recorded by Moroni in the Book of Mormon.

The sacrament is administered to commemorate the atonement of the Lord Jesus as consummated in His agony and death. Each time we partake of the sacred emblems we manifest before the Father that we do remember His Son, and by the act of partaking of the bread and the cup, we make solemn covenant that we do take upon us the name of our Redeemer, and make a pledge and an agreement that we will keep his commandments, and we do this in the hope that we may have his Spirit to be with us.

No member of the Church who refuses to observe this sacred ordinance can retain the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Ghost. If we really realized and felt the need of spiritual food for growth, we would be present at the appointed place where this may be and is administered.

Why do we not all come? Is it because we do not feel ourselves worthy to partake, or is it because we do not appreciate the reason and significance for partaking?

If we are properly instructed we know that it is not our privilege to partake of the emblems in sin and transgression. The one thing that would make for the safety of every man and woman would be to appear at the sacrament table every Sabbath. We would not go so far astray in one week that we could not rectify the wrong we have done. The weekly observance of this ordinance would help us to be worthy to partake.

The Father looked on with great grief and agony at the earthly sufferings of His Son, but His love for us made it possible for Him to give the Savior to us, the Redeemer of the world. If we knew what it cost our Father to give us His Son, if we realized how essential the sacrifice made by Jesus is to us, we would always be present at the sacrament table to honor the gift that has come to us.

As the Standard Bearers of the Church, we need the sacrament. We need to renew our covenants every week. We need the Spirit of the Lord so we may be able to keep ourselves unspotted from the sins of the world, from Sabbath to Sabbath, and some day be worthy to eat and drink with our Savior, in His Father's kingdom.

THE SACRAMENT MEETING BLESSES THE WHOLE FAMILY

By Rae Barlow Barker

JESUS could foresee the complications, confusion, and uncertainty of life in our day. He knew we would need the blessings He had promised if we observed His sacrament: peace, strength in right doing, assurance of His power, "His Spirit to be with us."

If we succeed in obtaining these blessings for the whole family, we must do more than wish and hope. The desired results will need the best efforts of both the home and the church. The guiding hand of an ingenious, planning parent will be needed which can bring the family together to enjoy varied activities. Then, going to sacrament meeting together will more naturally follow. If there is a spirit of tolerance in the home, and a genuine display of fellowship in our sacrament meeting, many who now feel unwanted may be encouraged to be with us.

An old philosopher claimed there were three roads to accomplishment: inspiration, investigation, and application. That parent, and we might also add *that speaker,* can best inspire who himself has been inspired. Investigation should include more than a study of the gospel. It might stand us in hand to know what our children's interests are. If we stand on common ground with them in our thinking, it will be much easier to direct their activities on the Sabbath day. Application will demand all the tact, faith, and intelligent planning at our command. A well-planned work-week, with opportunity for recreation, is important. One mother knew the secret of forming habits. She often correlated her children's happy experiences with their Sabbath meeting, saying, while they were still enjoying a particular situation, "There are many ways of displaying gratitude for these good things. One way is to go with thankful hearts to partake of the sacrament." That family regularly enjoys the benefits of the sacrament meeting.

After Jesus administered the Last Supper to the disciples, He said, "If ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Knowledge is a personal thing. As individuals and parents we may know that the benefits of the sacrament service are realities. It does not follow, however, that the members of our families possess the same knowledge. But with faith, study, and activity we can each know. We have a real challenge to stimulate those near us to find out for themselves if the promises hold good.

Can we meet the challenge? Not wholly within the family. The sacrament meeting itself has a responsibility—also the individual. Competitive interests make it necessary that we are ever on the alert to improve the quality of our meetings. Each of us can contribute to the sacrament service by his presence if he goes in the spirit of worship. With the sacrament, as with the radio, we have to be where the instrument is and be "tuned in" if we want to get the message.

The Book of Mormon promises that if we ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, He will manifest the truth to us. Can we stimulate our families to apply a similar test to the worth of the sacrament meeting? Can we open to them the vision that by mutual participation our lives are enriched?

"If ye *know* these things, *happy* are ye if ye *do* them."

THE following are the organizations and reorganizations since October Conference.

ORGANIZATIONS

Date	*Stake*	*Appointed President*
Feb., 1937	Chicago	Lois E. Astin

REORGANIZATIONS

Date	*Stake*	*Released*	*Appointed President*
Feb., 1937	Cassia	Effie H. Walker	Annie M. Mercer
Nov., 1936	Duchesne	Evelyn C. Moffitt	Margaret M. Pace
Oct., 1936	Moroni	Anna S. Blackham (Deceased)	Elillian Ivory
Jan., 1937	Ogden	Ida M. Treseder	Cora S. Jenkins
Nov., 1936	Rigby	Lettie E. Call	Phoebe Cordon
Feb., 1937	Curlew	Rebecca N. Cutler (Deceased)	Rennis A. Larkin
	Mt. Ogden	Almira C. Rich	Ethel B. Andrew
Mar., 1937	Oquirrh	Phoebe Ridd	Ella P. Bennion
Jan., 1937	West Jordan	Mary J. Pixton	Evelyn Neilsen

The Relief Society organization felt greatly honored by the presence of Sister Luacine S. Clark, who added her expressions of appreciation and her encouragement to the sisters in their work.

Second General Session

REPORT ON EUROPEAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETIES

Emily T. Merrill, Former President

IN the European Missions four Conferences are held each year. Two are devoted to the Priesthood activities, the other two are auxiliary conference-conventions, in which the auxiliaries combine, perhaps the Relief Society and Sunday School, or the Relief Society and Primary. These conferences begin on Saturday evening, usually with a social meeting, and three meetings on Sunday are devoted to conference work.

The home group plan, adopted in the European Mission wherever possible, has given increased responsibility to the local saints, the priesthood and members of the Church. According to this plan, the districts and branches are patterned after the Stakes and Wards of the Church here in the States, and the District Presidencies and the Branch Presidencies are local members. This has released the Elders from much of the work which they had to do in presiding over these units of the Church, and has given them much more time for proselyting activities. It has also increased the opportunity of the local saints for activity, and that has had splendid results. We know that we gain through activity, and we enjoy our membership in the Church better when we are active.

In the Missions the auxiliary organizations are supervised by a Mission Board, with a minimum of four members—Presidency and Secretary. The districts have supervisors and the branches have such officers and teachers as circumstances will permit. More teachers could be used, but there is always a shortage of suitable leadership. Where there is a good Relief Society there will be a live, active branch. Relief Society is the mainstay of the Branch and the righthand of the Branch President.

Our Branches for the most part are small, and therefore our Relief Society groups are small. The membership is scattered over a great area, and for the most part they are poor people. Transportation is quite an item in their limited budget. When they come to the meetings on Sunday they feel that is all they can afford. In a number of the missions where this scattered membership exists, the sisters meet on Sunday, while the Priesthood are gathered in their meetings.

There are a great many older sisters who are timid and hesitate to go out in the evening. These meet in the afternoon, and the younger sisters who are engaged during the day meet in the evening. There is no uniformity as to day or hour, but it was felt advisable to hold these meetings when as many as possible of these sisters could benefit by the wonderful work done by the Relief Society.

The sisters do enjoy the lesson material which the General Board provides. Special attention has been given to the preparation of these lessons, in order to meet the needs and conditions of the different missions. You know all of the lessons must be translated into a foreign language, and sometimes books from which the lesson material is prepared are not available in these foreign languages. Special lessons in social service work have been written, and literary lessons taken from the literature of these particular countries; the German literary lessons from German literature, and the French from French, and so on. Much thought has been given to this, and the mission workers and mission authorities are certainly very grateful for this wonderful service.

Many of our devoted members are called upon to make sacrifices in a financial and social way because of their membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but they make these gladly and willingly because of the abundance and richness of life that has come to them because of their faith and membership in the Church. No better way could we all serve and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ than in our way of living, showing the spirit of true brotherhood and sisterhood. It seems to me what the world needs today more than anything else is a demonstration of Christianity in action.

Since the main purpose of Relief Society has always been to render service, we have called upon the sisters over there to do some special work. You know when you want something well done, you call on the sisters to do it.

At the Mission Presidents' Conference held in June, 1935, in Liege, Belgium, the Presidents decided to ask the Relief Society sisters to organize a Home and Neighborhood Primary. This effort has been crowned with success in many ways. We had to take the outstanding leadership to do this, but other sisters of the groups were called forward to learn to be leaders in our Relief Societies. These Home and Neighbor-

hood Primaries all had enrolled children of non-members; the sisters became acquainted with the mothers of these children and entered the homes and had an opportunity to leave a message. Many of these mothers became interested enough to come to Church and to Relief Society meetings, and some joined the Church. A great number of the children who were contacted are now enrolled in our Sunday Schools. The benefit of this is, that all those who were contacted heard the message of the restored Gospel. The seed was sown—who knows what the harvest may be! We might not see, but some day this message will come back to them.

The growth of the Church on the outside is very slow, but there is growth from within. We can only hold the children and the young people of our members through our organization work. The Relief Society sisters are outstanding leaders in the Gleaner, Sunday School and other organizations.

Those of you who have sons and daughters laboring in these foreign missions I am sure would like to hear just a few words about the mission authorities, especially the mission mothers. These are set apart as consulting advisors to all the women's organizations, and are selected as president of the Relief Society, or the Primary or the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, whichever organization needs them most, or the one in which work they are most familiar. In addition to these duties, all the material used in the foreign mission needs to be translated, and adapted to the country, and this is the work of the mission mothers. They have a family also which needs the supervision and the care of a mother just as if they were living here, and the family has grown tremendously. All the missionaries, your sons and daughters, are members of the Mission President's family, and that is a great responsibility. Many of these young people have never been away from home, they are in strange lands, among strange conditions and people. Is it any wonder that they become homesick and disheartened? And so the Mission President and his wife encourage them, cheer them up, advise them, stand by them, pray for them as they would for their own children. I think no parents could be more concerned with the health and welfare of these missionaries than are the mission parents.

ADDRESS

By Counselor Kate M. Barker

WE all appreciate life and opportunity. We are thankful we were born in this wonderful age. But great blessings and opportunities mean great responsibility. Our Father in Heaven is watching over the earth and has a glorious plan of establishing the Kingdom of God on earth. He also has a general plan for each of His children, and is depending on each of us to help further the Gospel plan. If we appreciate this, can we do less than put our best effort into the work? Can our standards be too high? Jesus said, "He who is not for me is against me." I think He meant actively for, and that inasmuch as we are passive, think superficially, inasmuch as we fail to put enough effort and time into our thinking and doing, so that we are thinking and acting straight and honest, inasmuch as we fail to put our heart and soul into the work

—just so much are we against Him.

But we can only be sure we are solving our problems in the right way if we have the help of our Father in Heaven. He has said "Look unto me in every thought, doubt not, fear not." But "There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world upon which all blessings are predicated."

We have been given very definite laws governing prayer. We must ask in faith. Faith does not come without effort—waiting until the moment of need and saying, "I will have faith." Faith comes through obedience. Our prayers must be sincere. They are sincere when we put forth our best efforts and then humbly ask for guidance or confirmation. When Oliver Cowdery wished to translate a part of the Book of Mormon he failed to receive the necessary inspiration, and the Lord said to him: "Behold you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you when you took no thought save it was to ask me." There is a difference between asking our Father in Heaven to bless the poor, and in asking that we may see the needs and help to bring the blessing.

Let us pray for our Church leaders, but let us also give our Father in Heaven the assurance that if He will inspire our leaders we will put forth our best effort to follow their guidance.

The Lord has also said, "Pray in your families." Family prayer will do much to keep the family close together. Praying together does something to people. But there is a difference between praying and saying our prayers. Family prayers must never become routine. Let us show our children what prayer means to us. When Jesus was with His disciples He received so much help and comfort from prayer that they said, "Lord teach us to pray."

Let our prayers be that we may have new insight, and new unselfishness that we may not disappoint our Father in Heaven in the tasks He has given us to perform.

President Grant's address and that of Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon will appear in a later issue of the magazine.

ADDRESS

By President Louise Y. Robison

WE have been greatly blessed during our two days' Conference. We are grateful to our Heavenly Father that so many of our Sisters have been in attendance, and especially are we thankful for the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord which has been in our meetings.

The six months since our Relief Society Conference in October have been very busy months. Conference-conventions were held in many Stakes in October, November, and in the early part of December. Reports of the excellent work of Relief Society brought back by the General Board Members were most gratifying. Sister Lyman, now President of Relief Societies of the European Mission, attended the International Council of Women in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, representing the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association and Relief Society and as a Delegate from the United States Council of Women. We have kept in touch with all the Mission Relief Societies through a monthly Bulletin, which has been greatly appreciated. In almost every letter from our Mis-

sion Presidents word comes of the benefit of these messages.

Before Christmas we sent a Bulletin to all Relief Societies urging mothers not to buy toy fire-arms for their children. We have had favorable comment on this movement in many Eastern newspapers as well as those published at home.

We are deeply interested in alcohol education and have purchased a moving picture film entitled "The Beneficent Reprobate", which is a powerful lesson on the injurious effects of alcohol in the body and also the benefit of alcohol in industry. Through the cooperation of the General Boards of Sunday School, the Mutual, and the Primary, this has had a showing to a vast number of people. We are indebted to Brother Hamer Reiser of the Sunday School Board and Brother Orson Goddard for exhibiting this picture. We hope to create interest in having alcohol education taught in schools. Will you Sisters take this matter up with your School Boards and have the children and young people taught what alcohol is and what alcohol does?

We are delighted with the work of our Magazine Agents. There are 220 Wards which have reached 100% subscribers.

We are deeply interested in the type of radio and moving picture programs which our children hear and see. A listening adult is passive but children absorb wild programs and live them. A friend of mine has a young son who has been listening to one of the programs which tell most vividly the methods used in killing people. This mother was shocked when, a few weeks ago, this very young son said, "The kidnaper of the Matson boy did his work all wrong. Now I would have done so-and-so." Broadcasting and moving picture companies are eager to present the type of program which the people wish. If all mothers would take the pains to know what children hear and see, then write these companies expressing appreciation for suitable programs and also telling why others are objectionable, we would have more wholesome entertainment.

I had the privilege of attending the National Council of Women in New York, in December, where an excellent forum was held. Many of the subjects can be carried into our organization with profit. For instance, Mr. Ralph Borsodi, who has made a study of the subject over many years, gave us some information on the value of good housekeeping. Mr. Borsodi claims that the profession of housekeeper is the most valuable of all professions and economically of great importance. That women who make homes—rear and teach children—who direct the educational and spiritual activities of the family and who spend the family income wisely—are certainly not inferior to women who earn money in the business or professional world. Discussing this subject, we wonder why so many of our Latter-day Saint girls choose almost any sort of employment rather than house work, and more disturbing still is the knowledge that many of those who accept such a position are frequently poorly prepared. Some do not even know how to make good bread, and sewing is almost a lost art. Referring again to the subjects discussed at the National Council under the title "Education for Marriage", Dr. Parker said, "There is no avenue which people are entering for which persons are so poorly prepared as marriage and the responsibility of rearing a family." If this is true, it is especially serious for Latter-day

Saints, for we know that the family is not a temporary group, but should and does continue throughout eternity. Are Relief Society mothers preparing their children—sons as well as daughters—for this most important undertaking? I was in conversation with a man who, a few years ago, was manager of a store in a mining community. He stated that it was the custom for miners to run charge accounts at the store. A number of these miners received the same amount of wages, but the difference in the manner of spending was unbelievable. As a result some would be constantly in debt, while the thoughtful, well-trained families would have a surplus. Can one wonder why, when one of these women who had a family of growing children, daily bought five or six loaves of bread and two dozen cookies? At the average price of ten cents a loaf, the bread bill would be $15 a month. Flour may be more expensive now, but not long ago a good housekeeper told me that she could make 40 loaves of bread out of a dollar's worth of flour. You who have access to the April copy of the *Readers Digest,* read an article by Kathleen Norris—"A Plea for Less 'Happy' Talk":

Under consumers department, the slogan "Know what you want—buy what you ask for" brought out interesting information. We are studying this in our Relief Society in order to know what material will give the greatest service and the most pleasure.

Can there be more worthwhile projects than these I have just mentioned, for us to consider in our homes and in the Relief Society? In almost every Ward there are women who are bewildered with the responsibilities of home, because they do not know how to meet the situation. For years Relief Society women have been making quilts and clothing for women who do not know how to sew; now we want to help them find happiness in sewing for their own children. I hope all women will cooperate.

McDonald says, "To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power."

The story is told that the servant of the Grail, in the dawn that preceded the coming of Parsifal, aroused the young men about him with the stirring cry—"Hark to the trumpets! Come, let us thank our God that we have the power to hear the call of life and the power to answer as the duty calls." If we wish to have "the power to answer as duty calls" the privilege is ours. Our Father answers earnest prayers of women today as He ever has done. But it is not enough to *know,* we must learn to act on what we know.

Let us return to our homes with the earnest desire to meet life courageously. Let us develop within our own lives those virtues which will give us the power to help others to live more abundantly.

Our Church offers us the opportunity—Relief Society is the medium through which we may develop the finest attributes of life.

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Editorials

Memorial Day

IT IS a beautiful thing for the living to think in loving appreciation of the dead. Calling to mind their virtues helps to strengthen the virtues of those who remember. People shrink from oblivion; they like not only a personal immortality but also to have so lived and achieved that those after them hold them in reverence, their achievements in honor.

Memorial Day had its origin when two years after the Civil War the women of Columbus, Mississippi strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers. So moved was Francis Miles Finch that he wrote his beautiful lyric "The Blue and the Gray," which has become the credo of the day.

No practical results came from this incident until May, 1868, when Adjutant-General N. P. Chipman suggested to the National Commander John A. Logan of the Grand Army of the Republic that their organization should inaugurate the custom of spreading flowers over the graves of Union soldiers at some specified time. Thereupon General Logan issued an order naming the 30th day of May, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died defending their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land. * * * It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

Since then Memorial Day has become a holy day. Not only are the graves of soldiers decorated but friends and relatives go to "God's Acre" with flowers to pay tribute to those they loved in life and love in death.

Tithing

IT has come to be the custom in the Church to feature the subject of tithing during the month of May. The call is "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

How richly blessed those have been who have observed this law. One of the great battles all have to fight is against selfishness and those who pay tithing become less selfish, learn to give joyously, and learn to practice thrift and economy. It brings happiness to them to do with less that the Church may be built up. Tithing helps the one who pays it to learn to love the Father, his children and his work more and more.

Reception in Honor of President Brigham Young

ON Tuesday evening, June 1, 1937, in the room adjoining the historic Lion House on the east, which was originally used by President Brigham Young as his office, will be held a formal reception from 7 to 10 p. m. when the public is invited to come and pay respects to the memory of this great colonizer.

In the receiving line will be the officers of the John Young Family Association, J. Don Carlos Young, only living son of President Young, and the following daughters of President Young: Clarissa (Clint) Y. Spencer, Ruth Y. Healy, Mabel Y. Sanborn, and Fannie V. Y. Clayton. Next in line will stand the L. D. S. Church Presidency, followed by His Excellency, the Governor, His Honor, the Mayor, and presidents of the State organizations of the Sons and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

After passing the receiving line the guests will be invited to go to the Lion House where members of the Sons and Daughters organizations of the Utah Pioneers will conduct them through the various rooms of this historic Pioneer home.

While the family for many years has celebrated President Young's birthday in family reunions, this is the first formal reception to be given. It is intended that it shall be repeated on each anniversary, so that all who desire may participate in paying respect to the memory of this great pioneer.

Dr. Joseph T. Kingsbury

DR. JOSEPH T. KINGSBURY, President Emeritus of the University of Utah, passed away April 10, 1937. For nearly sixty years he was associated with the University—a longer service than that of any other of his associates. He joined the institution in 1878 when there were only three teachers. He served as Instructor, Professor, Acting President, Vice-President, and President, and since 1916 as President Emeritus. As a tribute to his splendid service Kingsbury Hall was named in his honor.

President Kingsbury was faithful to every trust. He was honest, sincere, mild, gentle, yet firm and un-

yielding when matters of principle were concerned. He was ever kind, considerate, thoughtful, a lover of peace and harmony. He had a philosophical turn of mind, his decisions being reached after careful study and thinking the subject through. Serene, stable, a man of strong character and sound judgment, he moved through life shedding a beneficent influence on those with whom he mingled.

Lillie T. Freeze

LILLIE T. FREEZE, one of the well known and greatly loved women of the Church, passed away March 23 at the age of eighty-one. Three of her four children survive, a son and two gifted, fine daughters who lovingly ministered to her. During her long life she has played many parts. When but four she appeared in dramatics. As a young woman she assisted her father and brothers in making a garden. Later she carried sacks of wheat that she had gleaned from Forest Dale to her home on First South and Tenth East Street. She assisted her father in constructing a rock house, carrying rocks and water up a ladder to the second story. Later she worked in a candy store and factory to secure means to enable her to attend school.

For fifty years she served as a member of the General Board of the Primary Association, and for fifteen years as a member of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, holding both offices at the same time. She traveled extensively and did much writing. Later she served as President of the Relief Society at Ocean Park for two years, was Counselor for two years, and for four years was a member of the California Relief Society Mission Board.

Although she endured great physical suffering for many years, she was ever sweet, cheerful, interested in people, causes and events, and has brought sunshine and encouragement wherever she has been. She deeply appreciated lovely poems and fine prose and was wont to clip extensively. Then when she thought a certain poem or thought would bless a friend, she sent it to her. In her life she exemplified how beautiful a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

A MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY

WHAT gratitude fills a mother's heart when her son is ordained a Deacon. If she has been wise, she has studied, thought and prayed that she might herself realize and then lead her son to sense the wonder and the power and the glory of receiving power delegated from God. She will endeavor to see that he magnifies his calling, faithfully fulfills his obligations and does to the best of his ability every duty connected with this office. Thus admonished by his mother a boy should be outstanding in his quorum.

Motherhood

For gift of Motherhood, dear Lord,
We give Thee thanks to-day,
For all the joys and all the cares
It brings to bless our way.

For sacred hours when light of life
Burns dimly, while Thy power
A hallowed radiance sheds around
To bless our travail hour.

For taste of life's most poignant joy—
For strength to bear life's sorrow—
We thank Thee Lord, and pray for grace
To meet each fair to-morrow.

Love's magic weaves a mystic spell
More sweet than many others,
When first we join our hands with Thine
And thus become—Thy Mothers.

Magdalene C. Stephens
(A 'Singing Mother")

A Wish And A Promise

TO LOUIE WALSH DAVIES*

By Gladys Davies Ellis

How I wish I could make a song for you,
  Low, and soft, and sweet.
But, alas, no song that I can write
  Ever seems complete.
Not even the melody played on the harp
Can take the place of the magic
  Of you in my heart.

I seem to see your lovely face
  In every movement of the throng,
I see your sweetness and your grace
  In every flower and every song.
The only song I can write for you
  Is a song of sweet similitude.
And so I will, for your dear sake,
  All shining and lovely prove,
I'm just an ordinary girl transformed
Made beautiful because of your love,
  MY MOTHER.

*Louise Walsh Davies has not only been a loving mother to five children, but she has given most devoted service to the Church for over forty years. She was an organist in the Twenty-first Ward at the age of fourteen, and for forty years served that Ward and the Twenty-seventh Ward, not only as ward organist, but as organist in many of the organizations. She was also President of the Mutual for years in the Twenty-seventh Ward. She has been the organist in the Salt Lake Temple for thirty years. She has never been tardy nor absent except when ill or out of the City. Surely this is a record to be proud of.

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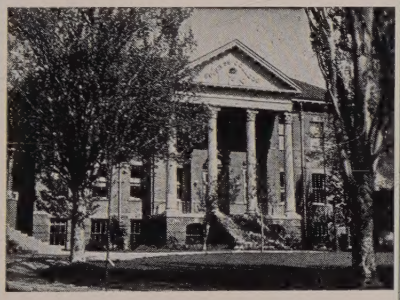

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In Praise of Mothers

Nothing can take the place of a mother's care; her loving arms enfold and protect from babyhood to maturity. As Mother's Day comes, we gratefully join in the universal tribute to Motherhood.

And in the interest of more thoughtful consideration for mothers, we ask you fathers a question: Have you made provision that, in the event of your death or disability, the mother of your children will be able to raise her family in comfort and security? Have you done a father's part to guarantee them freedom from want?

Life insurance is the one certain way to assure for a mother the means of carrying on alone. What more fitting observance of Mother's Day than to provide her with the security of planned life insurance protection? Call your local **Beneficial** agent today and ask him to help you plan an insurance program in this strong company.

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